

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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UNANIMITY OF JURIES.

It is a not unfrequent complaint in monarchical countries, that customs and observances, whose origin is lost, continue to flourish in times to which they are unsuited. Their very antiquity is the ground on which they are defended, and it gives them, in eyes of ardent admirers, a sort of hallowed charm. "The wisdom of our ancestors" is at once the excuse and consecration of forms and procedures utterly at variance with the civilization of this age. As if such wisdom were anything more

than the result of an experience obviously limited and immature, compared with that of the present generation, which is as much occupied with unlearning as learning, with repairing the errors of the past as constructing for the present and the future.

It might have been supposed that the growth of a republic such as ours would have shed such excrescences, and that, glorying in our freedom from political traditions, we should also have cast aside whatever hindered the full development of our liberties. And, more than all, it would have been supposed

that we should have been the first, instead of being, as we are, the last, to discard whatever was proved to be cumbersome and useless, and to hold its ground, solely because it was venerable.

It is curious to note how mere words still dwarf and narrow the practice of a people who may fairly boast of having first developed the political ideas which are to regenerate the world. Because the right to trial by jury was originally the safeguard of the weak against the strong; because the right to be tried by his peers was the protection of the poor or

downtrodden man against the oppression of the crown or the cruelty of the nobles—we still cherish it in its ancient forms and absurd procedures, just as sacredly as if, with it, we had inherited the abuses against which it was the only shield.

There can be no question, however, of the abstract value of this right; and it is our intention to point out how the practical application of it tends to impede or defeat the administration of justice, rather than to be advocates of its entire abolition. In France, after many experiments—no fewer than twelve changes in



WASHINGTON, D. C.—ADMINISTERING THE OATH TO HIRAM REVELS, COLORED SENATOR FROM THE STATE OF MISSISSIPPI, IN THE SENATE CHAMBER OF THE UNITED STATES, ON FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1870.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 431.

the law having been made since the Revolution—it has been finally determined that the verdict of a majority of a jury fulfills every end of justice. In Scotland, in criminal cases, the jury is composed of fifteen persons, and the verdict rendered is that of the majority. In England, the highest judicial authorities have unequivocally condemned the system that demands an unanimous jury, and it is tolerably certain that among the first legal reforms that take place there, will be to assimilate the practice of the courts, in this respect, to those of Scotland and France. Indeed, there are not wanting high legal authorities who hold that if it were optional with defendants in civil, and the prisoners at the bar in criminal, cases, to elect being tried by the judges alone, or by a jury, the preference would, in very many cases, be given to the former. It is only in cases where the impartiality or the capacity of the judge is open to doubt that a jury is any protection to the man on trial; and we are sorry to be obliged to confess, that, in this respect, the character of our Bench is such that, bad as jury decisions may be, they are at least preferable to what those of the judges would often be.

Since, then, it is not probable, nor at present desirable, that trial by jury be abolished in this country, let us see whether it be not possible that its glaring defects be remedied, and this venerable institution be brought into some accord with the spirit of the age. What must strike any one who reflects on the subject is that all our legislators, being elected by majorities of the people, our existing laws are those of the majority. Next, that our judges also are chosen by the majority. Again, in all our courts of appeal, and where more than one judge sits on the bench, the decision of the majority of the judges is given as the judgment of the court. Suppose for a moment that no decision were allowed to be given unless the judges were unanimous. With what derision would every one treat such a demand! Yet we insist that juries shall be unanimous. We tolerate a difference of opinion among men of highly trained minds, whose whole life has been devoted to the weighing of evidence and to unraveling the subtleties of our jurisprudence; yet we insist that twelve men, taken at random from the mass of our citizens, unaccustomed to that balancing and sifting of contradictory statements, and, in general, without the power of accurate analysis, shall be unanimous in their verdict. Is it possible to conceive a greater absurdity? Let any one try the experiment outside of the courts, and lay before the first twelve men of his acquaintance he meets, a statement of facts, however little involved or contradictory, and see how differently each mind will be impressed, and what a diversity of opinions he will elicit. The case is not mended when you place these men under oath. In this age of diffused intelligence, when, in the ordinary affairs of life, each man is in the habit of forming his own opinions and acting upon them, an obstinacy in maintaining opinions once formed becomes a sort of pride, and the difficulties of obtaining unanimity in any question of stirring interest is well-nigh impossible. Deprivation of food and water, as in old times, would absolutely fail in enforcing unanimity in a jury now; for the verdict would be that, not of the soundest judgments, but of the strongest constitutions.

It is hardly necessary to appeal to recent events to show what a practical denial of justice to the community is the result of this adherence to what Mr. Hallam calls "a preposterous relic of barbarism." Notorious murderers—as recently in Brooklyn—go unconvicted, because the jury, or juries, could not agree. In Scotland, the majority of a jury of fifteen would have served for absolute conviction or acquittal. And it may be confidently predicted that some such *flasco* as terminated the trials of Perry will be the end of another notorious homicide about to be tried in this city.

The method by which juries are now formed is the strongest possible argument in favor of adopting the means suggested by the experience of other countries for securing a verdict by a simple majority of the jury. In an age when everybody reads the daily journals, it is the practice to exclude from juries every man who has, in however slight a degree, formed any opinion as to the case he is about to try. Men of integrity and honor, who are willing to take an oath that they will try the case according to the evidence brought before them, are practically told that their oaths are worthless, because they have already formed opinions. You read in the morning papers that a wretch, steeped in crime, deliberately kills an unoffending man, with whom he had no quarrel, and whom he never saw before. He is taken "red-handed;" there is not a shadow of doubt of his guilt. There are not even extenuating circumstances, and you "form an opinion" that the sooner such a pest to society is hanged the better. You are summoned to serve on a jury to try this assassin, and being cross-questioned as to having "formed an opinion," you are told to stand aside, as unworthy of a place of trust. What wonder, then, that no man of self-respect will serve on a jury if he can avoid

it? What wonder if some friend of the Thugs among us takes his place, and, refusing to agree to a self-evident verdict of guilty, secures his virtual acquittal?

If a verdict of the majority of a jury were sufficient, such abominable defeats of justice as we have seen could not exist.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

337 Pearl Street, New York.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, MARCH 12, 1870.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves as such are impostors.

THE PREVAILING EPIDEMIC.

THE system of interviewing all notorious people, whether Presidents, Murderers, Clergymen, Defaulters, Editors, Pickpockets, Foreign Princes, Speculators, and others of too prominent reputation, was fast becoming an insufferable annoyance—both to those who were "interviewed" and the unfortunate public who were destined to have such "interviews" laid upon their breakfast-tables, in the daily sheet with which they accelerate the digestion of their morning meal.

Fortunately, another side of it has been presented by one of the most original of these "interviewers," which becomes supremely ridiculous.

Henceforth, these "interviews" will be read with the keen relish our natural sense of the humorous has for *Punch*, *The Budget of Fun*, or any other of the sheets which accommodate the lovers of comic literature.

Scarcely had the attack upon Mr. Eaton become matter of public talk, and the names of Messrs. Fisk and Gould associated with it in the fashion of a "canard," than one of these indefatigable Jack-in-the-boxes of the modern Press set them down in his note-book.

"Two columns!" he said to himself—"a man who has narrowly escaped being put out of the way, and two gentlemen who are in some way or other supposed to be connected with the matter."

In a few hours—as soon as he was at liberty to do so—he sets off to "interview" Mr. Eaton.

Mr. Eaton was very low. But while waiting to learn whether "his interview" could be accomplished, the reporter "interviewed" the beaver hat which that gentleman wore upon his head, at the time of the assault. His analysis of the battered condition of this article—or, rather, in order to do him full justice, we should say, the battered condition of its rim—is in the most accomplished style of penny-a-lining. Nay! it would do credit to one of the old Police Reporters of the London Times.

However, Mrs. Eaton enters the room in which the "interview" was taking place.

This lady is then "interviewed" as regards Mr. Eaton and his hat. That Mrs. Eaton is a lady, the report leaves us in no doubt. Whether the Reporter can fairly be considered a gentleman, it would be useless to discuss. He is, at all events, comic. He questions her about the hat, the state of Mr. Eaton, etc., etc., and, finally, is introduced to the chamber of Mr. Eaton. Here, he again diverges into the penny-a-line style. His description of Mr. Eaton in bed is admirable. It, of course, includes the room, "three or four tea-cups and tumblers, a small vial" (what did it contain?) "and a tea-spoon"—all of which are important to the general reader, and editorially give an air of verisimilitude to the "interview."

He has already read the published account of the assault. He has heard Mrs. Eaton's. He must now have Mr. Eaton's.

Well, he gets it. But he is not content. He questions Mr. Eaton as sharply as a Tomb Lawyer would do. He wishes to know whom he suspects. He inquires in a roundabout and not unskillful manner, whether Mr. Eaton entertains any suspicion of Mr. Fisk being connected with the assault. The invalid indignantly denounces the supposition, and the Reporter takes his leave.

After this, we might naturally suppose the matter had ended.

And, so, it probably would, if the Reporter had possessed sufficient brains to have made his three "interviews"—those with the battered hat, Mrs. Eaton and her husband—fill two columns; or, rather, if his keen sense of the ridiculous would have permitted him to return without pursuing his investigations further. Accordingly, he repairs to the Erie Railway office. Here, the Reporter with a transparently noble pride gives a clue to his own identification. "The handsome young gentleman at the door" recognizes him. He says—

"What's this—another injunction?"

The Reporter is a lawyer's clerk.

But with his condition, we have nothing to do. Mr. Fisk is out. So, the Reporter, with

Napoleon-like decision, decides upon "interviewing" Mr. Gould, and having nothing better to "interview" him upon, questions him respecting Mr. Eaton's former connection with the Erie Company. Luckily while the answer was being made another visitor came in, and Mr. Gould who is a shrewd and clever man, seized the opportunity to bow the Reporter out.

Nothing daunted, the Reporter, however determines upon "interviewing" James Fisk, Jr., and at eight o'clock on the same evening "pipes" him at the Grand Opera House. Fisk is nothing loth to be "interviewed." He has evidently become used to it, and being of a jovially sardonic temperament, enjoys the fun of it, even more than the Reporter could have done. This individual asked him, "whether he had seen the aspersions cast upon him in the *Tribune* and the *Times*?"

"Yes! yes!" he replied. "They've got me down for murder, I see." Then turning to Mr. Gould, he said—"Why, good God! I won't be able to go into any respectable house in the city, pretty soon. Everybody will expect me to cut somebody's throat."

But, we have said enough to show that this "interview," or these five "interviews"—those with the battered hat, Mrs. Eaton and her husband, Mr. Gould and Mr. Fisk—are of a vastly superior order to any we have hitherto met with in the columns of the Daily Press of our city. They turn an attempt at murder into the most lively farce. Even, Mr. Eaton the unfortunate sufferer, must have smiled pain fully, as his wife read him the two columns containing them. Were we in his situation, we feel that our recovery of our usual health would be singularly promoted by such an intellectual meal. For ourselves, we beg the reporter to continue. At present, at any rate, we will pardon him, even should he determine upon interviewing us, because we may be suspected of poisoning the proprietor of a swill-milk stable, or slaughtering half-a-dozen contributors to our columns.

EXIT JACK REYNOLDS.

JUST as we told you, Jack! You'll find out that hanging is not "played out" in New York. A short shift and a strong rope will do your work for you, and very soon. You may "go your bottom dollar" on it, Jack! But perhaps you never had nor top nor bottom dollar? If you had had (with many between), you might have been an alderman; at least Dr. Hammond testifies that you have "ordinary intelligence," and that is what most of our municipal officials have—very ordinary. There are stories of wolves following sledges filled with passengers, in Siberian wilds, and it is said that the poorest and weakest of the lot, who cannot resist if he would, is often tumbled out, so that the pack may gorge on him, while the sledge and the other passengers escape. Probably, Jack, your reading never led you to a knowledge of that happy recourse, but you will illustrate it practically on the 8th of April, A. D. 1870, between the hours of eleven o'clock A. M. and one o'clock P. M., in that wonderful relic of Egyptian architecture in which you at present reside.

The sledge, Jack, is the Tomb, and your fellow-passengers are Real, and Jackson, and some others, who will witness your expiring throes with inward satisfaction, and will, as we suppose they are in the habit of doing, fall down on their knees and thank God that the wolf of the Law is gorged with your worthless carcass, while they escape. And so it will be!

We would not be irreverent, Jack, but are compelled to say (if that will be any satisfaction to you) that you will be a vicarious sacrifice for sinners in general, and murderers in particular—especially in New York.

Now, Jack, you may think a gallows—although in some respects it looks like a door—is not the Portal to the Heavenly Kingdom. It is, though! Probably more people have swung through it from Earthly Misery and Crime into Infinite Bliss than through any known orifice to that Blessed Realm. You may keep as hardened as you please for some weeks yet, but let in the Rev. Jebediah by the 6th of April, at the latest, and you will thus be able, on the 8th, to illustrate the swift vengeance of New York Criminal Law, and add another lamb to the spotless fold.

Hanging was not "played out" in New York, Jack, when you killed Townsend, but it will "play out" with you—at least until the wolf of popular indignation demands another victim for its maw from among outcasts like you, who have neither money nor friends—too wretched to be repeaters, or even deputy sheriffs!

Good-bye, Jack! We told you it would be so. Come out, Real! Come out, Jackson! You needn't wait until Jack is hanged, except for the sake of appearances.

If ever summary governmental interference was needed in regard to the affairs of this city, it certainly ought now to be exerted in a most decisive manner. We think that the Governor of the State would be supported by the greater

part of the city if he should exercise his high prerogative by instantly suspending the Board of Health, both as individuals and as a collective body, from their stations, until time was given to legislation to do away with this iniquitous and intensely partisan commission altogether. When they attempted to excite a new panic in the community, by imagining a new disease, and then by christening it by a new and fearful name of Relapsing Fever, we were the first to protest against this willful attempt to alarm the community, and to prostrate still further the trade of the city. We pointed out that there was no such fearful epidemic existing; we showed that the aim of the Board of Health was merely to magnify themselves and their duties, and to make the Legislature hesitate against abolishing a board that stood between the people and pestilence. We plainly stated this as a fact (in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER of February 19th). We knew how this rumor and fear were to be manufactured; we were aware of the private communications of the balmly Superintendent with the young and inexperienced reporters of the papers. We knew that every one of these sensation columns in the morning papers, headed "Frightful Calamity—A New Epidemic—Relapsing Fever," etc., were the direct emanation of the brain of the Superintendent. A few days only elapsed after our issue, when it was discovered that, of this dire disease, so contagious in its nature—alleged to have entered the city through the inefficiency of the Health Officer of the Port—that, of this Relapsing Fever, not a solitary case had yet been seen at Ward's Island, as affirmed by its able chief resident physician, Dr. John Dwyer. Here, of all places, should this fearful epidemic be rife. But, next, the profession generally denied the existence of it, to any extent, in the city. But the Board of Health had made a small-panic, without any adequate cause, and they would not give up this incubated attempt; and they called for power from the Governor to establish hospitals, to be under their control, at a first cost of \$50,000. Unfortunately for them, this plan fell through, and then they began to be frightened,

"Amid their plans bewildered laid,
And back recoiled, they knew not why,
E'en at the sound themselves had made!"

The next step was one of insane stultification, for they passed an ordinance declaring that there was no Relapsing Fever of any amount in the city. Lastly, they held private sessions alone, and at them they have turned out of office some of the clerks through whom the information was diffused to the papers. Had they turned out the *fons et origo*, Dr. Harris himself, the originator (under the Board) of the whole matter, they might have done some tardy justice. But, as usual, it is the cat's-paw that is burnt. Such a transaction is too small, petty and dirty for New York. If we are to be humbugged, let it be done grandly; and, in case of failure, let the scoundrels share the blame among themselves, and let the cat alone. We earnestly entreat the Governor to suspend these little men from their littleness. The city can't endure their presence, even for the short time remaining before they are legislated out.

ACCORDING to a report by Dr. Scherzer, of Vienna, 14,075 vessels, with a burden of 6,418,500 tons, were engaged in the Chinese trade in 1868. Of these, 7,165 ships and 3,332,000 tons belonged to Great Britain, and 1,772 ships and 267,000 tons to Germany. In 1867, 2,332 German ships, with 611,800 tons, were engaged in the trade, but the competition of steam vessels sailing under the North American flag has reduced their number. The merchant fleet of the United States in the Chinese waters amounted to 2,026 ships and 1,673,000 tons in 1867, and it had increased to 2,623 ships and 2,257,000 tons in 1868. Dr. Scherzer estimates that the value of the entire Chinese trade, exclusive of Hong Kong, at 421,000,000 Austrian florins, viz., 214,000,000 florins imports, and 207,000,000 florins exports. Nearly 50 per cent. of this is in the hands of Great Britain, namely, 74,000,000 florins of the imports and 127,000,000 florins of the export trade, in all 201,000,000 florins, while the European continent is only represented by 1,000,000 florins of imports and 14,000,000 florins exports.

MR. JOHN D. SHERWOOD'S "Comic History of the United States" finds little favor with foreign critics. The London *Saturday Review* pronounces it "dull, dry, and unamusing, and about the dreariest piece of elaborate nonsense through which we ever struggled." The same authority speaks favorably of Colonel Henry Lee's "Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department of the United States," and also of Colonel Higginson's "Army Life in a Black Regiment."

OHIO has three important commercial ports—Cincinnati, Cleveland and Toledo. Cincinnati has a population of 250,000; real estate worth \$173,000,000, and personal property worth \$153,000,000; value of imports in 1869, \$283,865,262, against \$273,237,008 in 1868; exports

In 1869, \$101,591,262, against \$143,288,507 in 1868; number of manufacturing establishments, 3,000, producing articles annually worth \$104,657,612, and giving employment to 55,275 persons, with a capital invested of nearly \$50,000,000. Cleveland has a population of 90,000; value of real and personal property, about \$80,000,000. The population of Toledo is 35,000. The imports and exports of this place have increased in nine years nearly 300 per centum. During the past year nearly 7,000,000 bushels of wheat were handled at Toledo, most of which has passed to Eastern ports already.

HOW SHALL WE TALK?

BY A. K. GARDNER, M.D.

CONVERSATION, in its better part, may be esteemed a gift, and not an art. Talking well is in itself no mean accomplishment. It is said to be a natural gift of one of the sexes, and how few among them have ever attained to any distinction as conversationalists? We have, indeed, very few of either sex who can be considered as models. The "table-talks," however excellent they may be in many respects, cannot be considered in any other light than as short essays by a single person, who makes certain queries, and then answers them himself; whereas conversation, to be good, requires at least two good talkers. Dr. Johnson was no conversationalist, for his principal aim was to brow-beat and dumbfound anybody and everybody. Conversation is the harmonious clashing of two minds, the result of which is flashes of intelligence, coruscations of wit, and unexpected kindlings of the imagination. The button-holer, who monopolizes the whole time to himself, is a bore; for when we want a sermon or a reading, we prefer to seek it at the church or the lyceum. He is only worse than the punster. This latter individual is not unfrequently a man incapable of collected thought, or any continued expression of ideas. Like a terrier watching a hole, ready to pounce on and twist the neck of any unfortunate rat that may come out, he lies in wait; with ears intent, he carefully listens, not to the conversation, but to the words of the speakers, till he may chance to seize one, and by suddenly twisting it, to dislocate the thought of the speaker, and entirely break up the conversation. There is no worse social freebooter than this individual. But here it is necessary to discriminate. Most persons do not perceive the difference, but a pun is sometimes but the mere vehicle for wit of a much higher character. It is often but a simple connective between two ideas of diverse character, yet having points of unity and harmony; like an apt quotation, by a single word it brings floods of new light upon a subject.

A pun that enlarges the breadth of a conversation, instead of destroying it, is a delight; these are necessarily not mere verbal games, but kaleidoscopes, where, by a shake and a turn, new beauties are developed.

Sometimes a pun is but a switch used to turn aside a train of thought, which, by its very heaviness and stupidity, has been laboriously dragging along over mere platitudes, and enabling it to glide again, by virtue of a more genial inclination, shaking up the sleepers, even if it throws dust in the eyes of those surrounding. Like the switch, which existed before railroads, it may serve to develop thought, as it was supposed to do in our boyhood's days.

The greater portion of the ordinary conversation of the world is not of any great importance, and is merely a method of pleasantly passing time. A pun divergent serves to lead one from the arid, macadamized paths of ordinary routine, which embraces the weather, Susan's baby, Mr. Beecher and Richardson, into more flowery surroundings, fragrant with hyacinth or the two lips of Eugene.

The pun explosive is a bull in a china-shop—it smashes everything, and, like a bomb-shell after its explosion, there remains perfect quiet; nothing further can be said, and the conversation has to be again recommenced upon another foundation.

A good conversationalist is necessarily a man that can listen; for, as I have already said, it requires at least two persons, who alternately take up the theme. In order to listen one must hold his companion in sufficient respect. If in love with himself, he undervalues his society just in the degree that he overestimates himself. Boswell and Johnson held no conversation together, for the former but imitated the cowerd who catches his bull by a handful of salt or grain; Boswell but tottled the bully lexicographer along, to get his "four volumes in calf" out of him.

The best conversationalist that I have ever known, before deafness interfered to mar this faculty, was the late Rabbi Raphael, of this city. He was learned without arrogance, not often witty, but always full of humor, with an apt quotation, a pertinent anecdote or a personal reminiscence always at hand to enliven the theme; always in good humor, yet abounding in sentiment and pathos; alive to the beauties of art, the grandeur of science, the sublimities of heaven; not imaginative, but impressed by the exalted poetry of high genius, especially as expressed in Holy Writ; not enthusiastically excitable, yet grandly human; not wanting in self-appreciation, yet prompt to recognize and acknowledge the ability of others; deeply read in the recondite thoughts of the elder rabbins, a Hebrew scholar with few peers, with the vocabulary of the English, French, German and Swedish languages at command, and not unskilled in Polish, and the softer utterances of Spain and Italy—he never wanted an apt word to express any fleeting thought or profound sentiment that his expansive brain might eliminate. Dr. Raphael might have been made of but ordinary human clay, but it contained more of the brilliant, imponderable, sonorous metal-

lic aluminum than falls to the lot of ordinary men. Like the resplendent jewel in the crown of Poland, scarce noticed in its iron setting, Dr. Raphael, with more brilliant genius than is ordinarily seen under an archbishop's mitre, was, while esteemed and honored, yet belittled and lost in the humbleness and obscurity of his surroundings.

The great fault in the few women who can talk, especially in the modern Sorosis woman, is her constant self-assertion. The natural vanity of the sex, generally claimed for physical charms, is in no wise diminished when arrogated for the qualities inside of the head. They seem to be fighting a perpetual battle, where strength, instead of sweetness, is to carry the day. Their conversation is thus but a vehicle for the assertion of women's equality, if not supremacy, and the honey distilled from their lips has other flavors than that of Hybla and Hymettus.

The true conversationalist soon loses his personality, and delights himself, no less than others around, by the unexpected coming up of glorious thoughts, happy images, or luminous fancies. These proceed not from study, nor premeditation, nor from desire or will. They are the overflowings of a full mind, the subtle distillations from carefully garnered studies, the unconscious expressions from the heaped-up hopper, where the luscious fruit, bursting by its own richness, pours out its delicious sweetness.

If you have, dear reader, a desire to talk well, seek from the pure wells of English undefiled for language, and from every source seek for wisdom. Try to know thoroughly what is daily brought before your notice, and, finally, think for yourself. With a pen in your hand, think quickly. Do not attempt to write a labored essay—this will help you but little as a conversationalist—but think and write rapidly, but with as much care as you well can, on any trivial topic of the day; make it in a letter for a friend, or tear it up the next day, after re-reading it for your personal improvement.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Ladies' "Den" in the House of Commons.

Curiously enough, the "enlightened statesmen" of Great Britain adhere, with particular tenacity to the restrictions anciently imposed on the attendance of women at the House of Commons, while, as legislators, they were in session. In the old Houses of Parliament, women were only permitted to sit in what was called the "ventilator," where they could hear odd snatches of the speeches, but only when the orators had clear, ringing voices. In the new edifice, the architect thought he would make an "improvement" in this particular, as a concession to the "progress of the age," "the spirit of the nineteenth century," etc., etc.; and so he caused to be constructed, high over the reporters' gallery, behind the speaker's chair, a "den," as it is called by London cockneys. The gallery is small, and, for seeing and hearing, ridiculously uncomfortable. Twenty-one ladies may be seated in it; but only those in the front row can see the legislators, as they loil, with their hats on, beneath them. We wonder what our "female sovereigns," strong on women's rights, would say, if the members of the Senate or House of Representatives of the United States were to pass a resolution that ladies should be virtually prohibited sitting in their particular chamber, unless they consented to be put, like so many "wild felines" in a "den," where they would be at liberty to scratch, spit at, or lovingly purr each other, during a debate! There would be a revolution in the country, if such a regulation were attempted—a revolution led on by the indignant chiefs of the "Woman's Rightsists," before which the great rebellion of the Southern States, historically speaking, would "pale its ineffectual fire." But "progress" has made our women, if not legislators, lobbyists, and the floor and galleries of House and Senate are theirs! The women of England should be informed of this fact, and strike for those rights the tyrant, man, has so long withheld from them.

South America.—The City of Asuncion, Paraguay.

A view of the capital of the republic, the tyrant Lopez, loyally supported by his countrymen, so long and so bravely, but not successfully defended, in the front of the overwhelming armies and navies of the Empire of Brazil and the Argentine Confederation, will prove of some interest to the readers of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. The sketch is from the pencil of an English artist. It is very correct. Asuncion, before the war, boasted an extensive trade, and an active population of fifty thousand; and, had Lopez been permitted to remain at peace, he would have made it superior to any other in the States of the Rio de la Plata. It was he who introduced the first railway in that part of the world; and he has constructed the most complete arsenal and engineering workshops in South America. He had also commenced a tramway through the principal streets. The palace of Lopez is a building of some architectural merit; the front, facing the market-place, is certainly very correct. The new cathedral is a large handsome building. The old building and the Town-Hall are somewhat interesting; they were built by the Jesuits, who are in strong force all over this country. The railway station is large, and presents a most curious mixture of styles.

Spain.—The Embarkation of Volunteers for Cuba at the Port of Cadiz.

Since the commencement of the revolution in Cuba, the Spanish Government, seconded by the almost unanimous desire of the people, has made extraordinary efforts to suppress it, and compel a long misruled people to continue that which they have been for more than a hundred years—the political serfs and heavily-taxed supporters of a polity and country with which they now have nothing in common. General Prim recently stated in the Cortes that forty thousand soldiers, regulars and volunteers, fully equipped for active service, had been shipped from Spain; and, to prevent the landing of goods contraband of war, nearly every vessel in its navy was stationed off the coast. Additional to these, forty gunboats, built in the United States expressly for the shallow waters of the island, had been placed in the bays and rivers. The revolution, notwithstanding these exertions of the Government at Madrid, has not been checked, and it is now hardly probable it ever will. The

Cubans, it is true, have made no great headway of late, but, acting wholly on the defensive, they have held their own, and the chances now are decidedly on their side. Spain cannot much longer—her exchequer being empty, and her credit at low ebb—keep a large, and necessarily expensive, force in the field. It is true the loss of Cuba, in a pecuniary sense, would be incalculable to her; but, if she cannot longer command the means to continue the war against the islanders, she must, of necessity, retire from the contest. This is the idea of the revolutionists, and probably explains the reason for their making "haste slowly" in their efforts for independence. The engraving represents the embarkation at Cadiz, of Spanish volunteers on the 30th of last January, in the steamship Correo, amid the acclamations of the inhabitants, military and civil, to aid in suppressing the insurrection, and planting for ever the iron rule of Spain over her largest and richest dependency.

France.—The Strike at Creuzot, Burgundy.

About the commencement of the month of February, led by an agent of the union societies of Paris, named Assy, between ten and eleven thousand workmen, engaged in the great iron and machine foundries and factories of Schneider & Co. at Creuzot, stopped work—struck, but their hardship was not one that came of severe labor or low wages. The work and the pay were satisfactory; but these men, or rather seventeen hundred of them, had some eleven millions of francs in the savings-bank, and some two or three hundred of them, inoculated with socialism, desired that the bank should be managed to please Assy and the advanced leaders in the French capital! Schneider & Co., afraid of the result, and believing the men would be defrauded; refused to submit to the demands made upon them by the Socialists. The consequence was, the great body of workmen, excited by the harangues of Assy, struck. In two or three days, however, the majority of them saw how ridiculously they were conducting themselves, and attempted to return to work, but the revolutionary minority opposed this desire. The illustration shows the scene which took place in the forge-shed, when some of the men who wished to go on with their work armed themselves with their tools, and prepared to attack those who kept them from the forge. The arrival of five thousand troops settled the difficulty, however. The willing men, thus protected, returned to their forges and machine-shops to nearly their original strength. It was found, when the excitement had passed away, that but two or three hundred (as has been said) at the most were really interested in the strike. By sheer audacity these had intimidated thousands to stop work for a brief season—and that without a grievance!

India.—The Duke of Edinburgh at Penang—Levee at the Court of Requests.

In the preceding issue of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER we gave, in this department, an engraving of the arrival of the Duke of Edinburgh, Queen Victoria's second son, at Hong Kong, closing with the announcement that, on tiring of the society of the English traders, he ordered the anchors of the Galates to be weighed, and proceeded direct to the island of Penang, Bombay, India. Here he was, of course, not only by European-born placemen, but by the native princes, received with "all the honors." At a grand gathering of the knights, he was, amid much "pomp and show," invested with the Star of India. "The prince," correspondents of the English papers write, "was courted by all classes," and "the native nobility vied with each other in the extravagance they displayed, trusting in this way to attract his eye and please his taste." The engraving illustrates the levee held at the Court of Requests, where all the native and foreign notabilities met to greet their guest on the day of his arrival—the Chinese merchants appearing in mandarin attire, and the Indian princes, who happened to be on the island, were "magnificent in costume and retinue."

Rome.—The "Befana," or Festival of Epiphany.

In a recent issue of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, an engraving was given, on the page devoted to pictures from the European Press, illustrating the "Feast of the Three Kings," at Madrid, which festival is particularly observed throughout the Iberian peninsula. The "Befana," supposed to be a corruption or modification of the Greek word "Epiphania," the manifestation, is very ridiculously observed on the 6th of January, throughout Italy, but more pointedly so in the Pontifical States. The day of Epiphany, as every one is aware, is held by most Christians of a ritualistic turn of mind, in high reverence, because on it, the more credible of the theologians say, the magians, or wise men, led by a star, came from the East with presents to the Saviour, who had just made himself manifest in the flesh. By a strange perversity of thought, however, the festival of the Epiphany by the Roman people has been—unless the observance is of ante-Christian origin—curiously travestied. Instead of its being reverently held by solemn religious observances, it is made a season for all kinds of buffoonery, at which the clergy wink, even at times taking an active part in the mock ceremonies. Rag-babies are carried about on poles, and dancing, shouting, drinking, etc., are the order of the day and evening. Usually, in the city of Rome, Befana is impersonated by a figure with a hideous countenance, thick lips, fierce expression, and blood-shot eyes; while in Southern Italy it is presented by women and children as a very harmless-looking puppet. The day of Befana is as dear to the Romans as New Year's Day is to the Parisians, Boxing Day to the Londoners, or Independence Day to the Americans. The proprietors of the Italian Polichinello, and other street-shows, reap rich harvests from the people of Rome on the occurrence of Epiphany.

Rome.—The Empress of Austria Breaks—fasting with the Roman Hunt.

The younger of the Roman nobility, imitating the young bloods of England, who claim to have educated many of the patricians to hard riding, have a club for the cultivation of field sports, a leading one in the Campagna—a wide, undulating plain, almost an entire wilderness—being hunting. During the recent visit of the Empress of Austria to Rome, called thither to attend on her sister during her indisposition, she intimated a desire to witness a hunt. The members of the club at once prepared for a "grand event," and that their Imperial guest might be suitably entertained, they, at the beginning, invited her to a breakfast at the place of rendezvous, which was appointed near the tomb of Cecilia Metella, on the Appian Way. In the open plain, far from any house, a pavilion, composed of leafy branches, was erected, to accommodate the illustrious guest. It was surrounded with an extempore garden, laid out very tastefully in parterres of flowers, and smooth, gilded paths, with arbutuses of orange-trees, and with a springing fountain of water, set in motion by some unknown mechanical device. The Empress arrived in a carriage, about noon, and was, without delay, conducted to the sylvan bower, where, *sans ceremonie*, she enjoyed her royal appetite by eating with unfeigned gusto. Subsequently she was driven to advantageous positions on the Campagna, from which she had excellent views of the chase, from the opening to the close.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

ALIDA TOPP is going to Brazil.

THE Russian Operatic Troupe has died for want of patronage.

NILSSON is to appear at the Grand Opera, Paris, in "Robert le Diable."

FIVE French managers will take their opera companies to London for the months of May and June.

AMERICAN brunettes are advertised at a New York theatre as a counter attraction to the British blondes.

LEPROVOST, the organist of St. Roch, Paris, has been decorated by the Sultan with the order of the Medjidje.

MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG values her services at a concert at very nearly a dollar for every note she produces.

MR. AND MRS. DOMINICK MURRAY appeared at Wood's Museum, February 28th, in a play called "The Golden Bubble."

MR. WALLACK appears at the Boston Theatre, March 7th, this being his first engagement on his first professional tour.

THE friends of Mr. Charles Gayler, the dramatist, will learn with sorrow that death has deprived him of one of his children.

MARSHNER's "Vampire," a work quite unknown here, but popular in Germany, has been adapted to the French stage.

MR. HARTZ, the well-known conjuror, has opened a pleasant little theatre at 735 Broadway, for the display of his charming delusions.

DUBLIN has been having concerts in the Exhibition building, with Mrs. Van Zandt, Tietjens, Scalchi and Della Recca as the leading singers.

A DRAMATIC entertainment was given at the Union League Theatre, on the 24th inst., in aid of the Industrial Home for Friendless Young Women.

GIBRALTAR has had a season of Italian opera, which was but poorly supported, and the troupe left in disgust and impecuniosity for Cadiz.

EDWIN L. DAVENPORT is playing in the principal New England cities as Enoch Arden. Next month he will act in Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, and St. Louis.

HILLER, the celebrated conductor, is receiving considerable attention at St. Petersburg, where, at a concert of the Russian Musical Society, his "Demetrius" overture was played.

MR. DION BOUCICAULT will write the libretto of the next opera bouffe produced at the Lyceum. This work is "Le Petit Faust," by Hervey, the composer of "Chilperic."

WEBER's "Der Freischuetz" will be soon revived at the Grand Opera House, Paris; as also Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable," with Mme. Miolan-Corvalho as the Princess, and Mile. Nilsson as Alice.

THE Whitsuntide Rhenish Festival will be at Aix-la-Chapelle this year; the programme will be in honor of Beethoven, and his Heroic Symphony and Mass in D will be performed, as also the "Leonora" overture.

FECHTER has an exceedingly small foot, does not associate with any of the theatrical profession, is pleasant and genial in manners, dresses in the English fashion, and is reputed to be worth many thousands of dollars.

THE ceremony of the investiture of the Duke of Edinburgh with the Star of India was attended with musical exercises. Choruses were sung by an Italian opera troupe, aided by two hundred and fifty amateurs.

THE Sgambati matinees are the present attraction in the musical circles at Rome. The programmes consist entirely of classical music. List is one of the audience, to say nothing of numerous princes and princesses.

At the Fifth Avenue Theatre, Augustino Daly's adaptation of "Frou-Frou" has been one of the most successful hits of the season. The piece is mounted with great care, and the characters have received faithful delineation.

MR. EMMETT continues to prosper as Frits, in Mr. Gayler's drama. He is now playing in Cincinnati. Mr. Emmett will, it is likely, appear in New York next August, in the character he has so successfully personated elsewhere.

RUMOR says that M. Litoff's defunct opera concerts are to be revived in Paris on new and solid bases. The Minister of Fine Arts promises subvention. The works of Gounod, Liszt, Berlioz, Wagner, and Rubinstein are to be performed.

EDWIN BOOTH resides in comfortable style in New York, over his splendid Twenty-third street Theatre. Occasionally a "select few" meet in his handsomely furnished apartments, and are delightfully entertained by Hamlet and his charming wife.

OWING to mismanagement, it is reported, the Tammany Theatre has been closed to the public. Mr. Harry Palmer has engaged a Spanish ballet troupe, and several other new features, and it is likely the hall will again be opened in the course of a week.

A DRAMA, based on Dickens's story of "Little Dorrit," has been produced with success at Mrs. Drew's Theatre (the Arch), Philadelphia. It is the work of Mrs. E. D. Wallace, who plays Little Dorrit, and whose personation of the part is much commended.

MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS made their first appearance of the season on Monday evening, February 21st, at Niblo's Theatre, in Falconer's stirring romance, "Innisfallen; or, the Men in the Gap." Mrs. Williams's impersonation of the heroine, Katey Maguire, was a clever performance, and received merited applause.

MAX MARETZEK has suspended his interpretations of Italian Opera at the Academy of Music, until after Lent, in consequence of the protracted illness of Carlotta Patti, and other circumstances over which he had no control. Mr. Maretzek has labored earnestly to furnish our citizens with first-class operas, and he should have had a much larger degree of patronage.

BOSTON is to be amused, as the subjoined correspondence denotes:

MR. STUART ROBSON: Boston, Feb. 14, 1870.
Dear Sir: Can you play Hamlet? T. B.

MY ESTEEMED T. B.: Your query has made me smile. Of course I can. STUART ROBSON.
Boston, Feb. 16, 1870.

DEAR SIR: Will you do the Prince of Denmark, Mr. Stuart Robson? T. B.
Boston, Feb. 17, 1870.

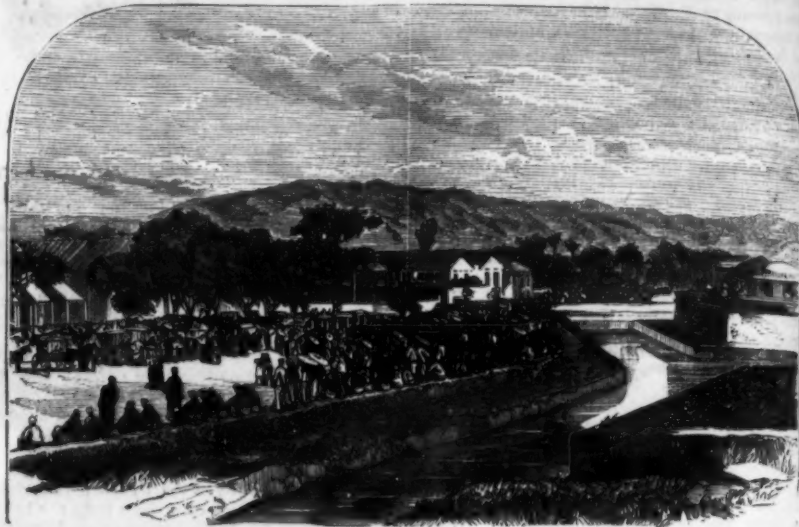
MY DEAR T. B.: Yes, sir, I will do him; and suggest the 26th inst. for the execution.
Yours, STUART ROBSON.

It was as Hamlet that Mr. Stuart Robson made his first notable appearance here—nine years ago, or thereabout, at Laura Keane's Theatre (now the Olympic). He was extremely comical then as the Melancholy Dane, and we dare say his personation will be funnier than ever.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 427.



ENGLAND.—LADIES' GALLERY, OR "THE DEN," IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT, LONDON.



INDIA.—THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT PENANG, PRESIDENCY OF BOMBAY.—LEVEE AT THE COURT OF REQUESTS.



SOUTH AMERICA.—VIEW OF THE CITY OF ASUNCION, CAPITAL OF THE REPUBLIC OF PARAGUAY, ON THE RIVER PARAGUAY.



SPAIN.—THE EMBARKATION OF VOLUNTEERS FOR CUBA AT THE PORT OF CADIZ.



ROME.—THE "DEFANA," OR FESTIVAL OF EPIPHANY, AS CELEBRATED IN THE HOLY CITY.



FRANCE.—THE STRIKE AT CREUZOT—THE WORKMEN RESISTING THE STRIKE.



ROME.—THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA BREAKFASTING WITH THE ROMAN MONKS.

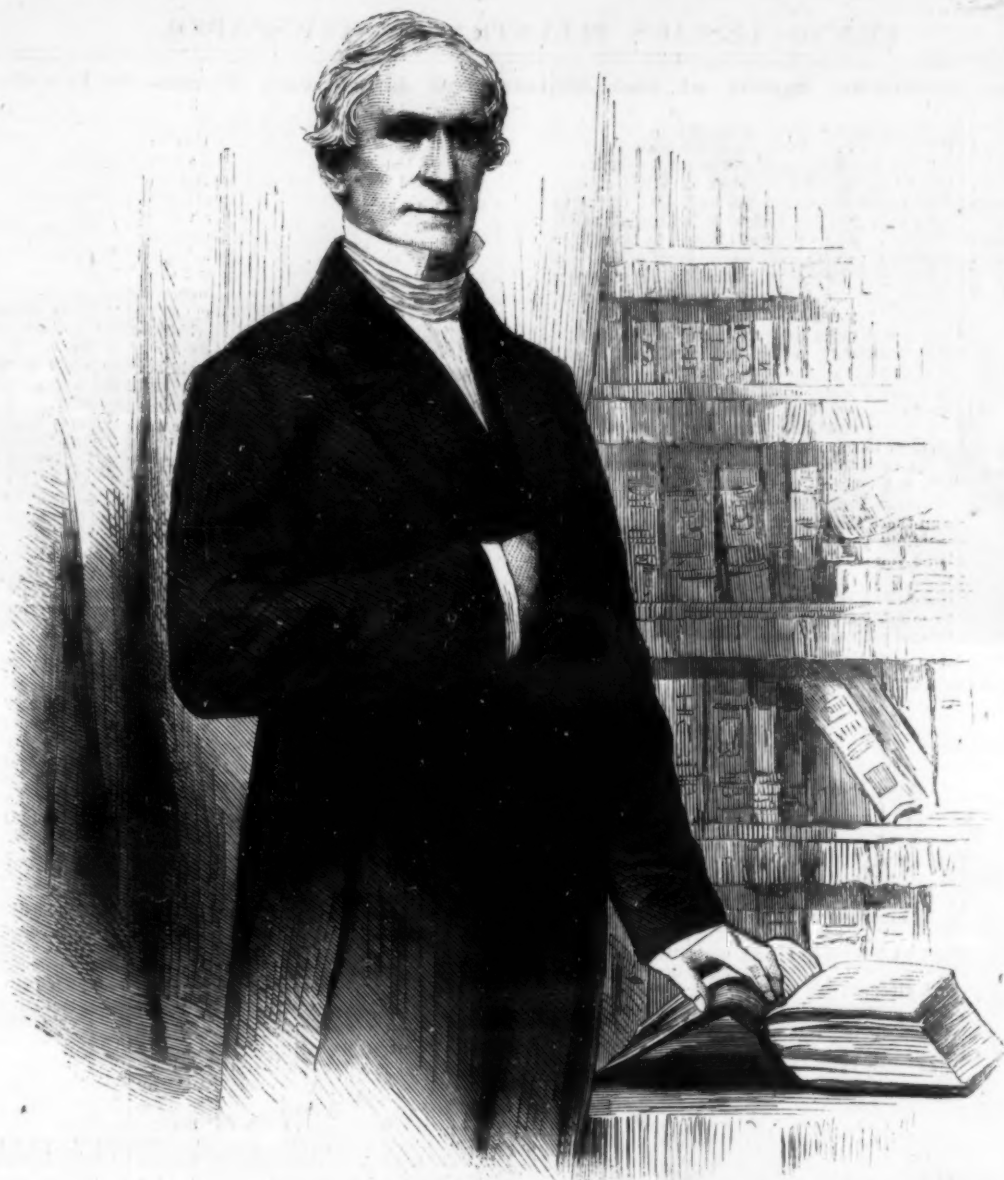
REV. JAMES B. HARDENBERGH, D.D.

It is a proverb that "the world rarely knows its great men"—which means, we suppose, that those who assume to govern its affairs are not really made up from the highest human elements. Personal ambition and the love of popular applause prove too strong for the majority of those who occupy our public places, and we are called to lament over many who gave promise of great usefulness when young, but whose hearts become corroded by selfishness and inflated by worldly pride.

In striking contrast with such, was the life of the well-known James B. Hardenbergh, D.D., of the Reformed Dutch Church, who died in this city on the 23d of January, in the seventieth year of his age.

Dr. Hardenbergh was born in the town of Rochester, Ulster County, N. Y., June 28th, 1800. At twenty-one, he graduated at Union College, and commenced the study of theology at the Theological Seminary of the Reformed Dutch Church, in New Brunswick. His studies concluded, he preached for a short time at Helderburgh, N. Y., and then accepted the charge of the church at New Brunswick, N. J.—a position of great responsibility.

He afterward occupied in succession the pulpits of the church in Orchard street, New York; of the Reformed Church in Rhinebeck; of Crown Street Dutch Church, in Philadelphia; and finally, thirty years ago, was called by the congregation in whose communion he died, then worshipping in Franklin street, but removed, under his pastorate, to their present fine building in Twenty-third street, in this city. During his long labors, his influence in the church was very great. He was, a few years ago, compelled to resign his pastoral charge, by reason of ill-health, brought on by incessant work in the discharge of extra duties he voluntarily assumed. But his mind was too active, his soul too zealous, to permit repose. During the winters he spent in the South for his health, he preached without intermission in the churches of Savannah and Macon, in Georgia.



THE LATE REV. JAMES B. HARDENBERGH, D.D.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

Returning, he engaged in an important mission enterprise, in which he devoted all his time and energies, gratuitously, to the poor and friendless in the south-eastern part of the city. Even his voyage to Europe, undertaken to recruit his falling strength, was not allowed to have its proper effect, by reason of his persistent labors abroad.

Besides being an active trustee of the Rutgers College, he was a member and co-worker in the various boards for missions and education of the Dutch Church. He founded the church at the corner of Madison and Gouverneur streets, now under the care of the society for promoting the gospel among seamen at this port. He was distinguished for his broad liberality toward all that bears the Christian name, and while no man was more fixed in his personal convictions, no one was more charitable toward those who differed from him. A contemporary says of him: "Throughout his long life he maintained a character trusted and beloved, and leaves to a large family and to unnumbered friends the heritage of an honored name."

It is impossible, in the restricted limits of this brief notice, to convey an adequate idea of the character of Dr. Hardenbergh. In a word, his life was spent in the great cause of humanity, in which, as one of his friends remarked, "his only fault was that he never spared himself." His career was one long, arduous course of unselfish and untiring effort. He thought only of his work, never of himself; and in the midst of his labors, at a ripe old age, he departed from the scenes of his usefulness.

We cannot forbear contrasting with such a character the gilded, hollow existence of some of the world's so-called philanthropists. Figure a man who devotes himself, during a long life, to grasping accumulation; whose ideas run only in that solitary channel; who succeeds almost beyond his ambition; who, during those long years of mercenary industry, gives no thought to the world of the poor and the erring around him, although sharing with them in a common inheritance of sin and death, and of the redemption which triumphs over both. At last, when money can no longer be of use; when old age has come,



CONNECTICUT.—BICENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE SOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, HARTFORD.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 435.

and the inevitable event is near—these accumulations are bestowed to erect conspicuous edifices for the poor, and to enrich public associations and charities. The world is ablaze with such munificence, and the man is called "philanthropist"—a lover of his kind.

Reader, compare with this the daily life of James B. Hardenbergh for more than half a century. In all that time, we cannot find that he entertained a selfish thought or encouraged an ambitious aspiration; in all that period, he never knew any work but his Master's work. His very existence could be summed up in the words, "To do good to all as you have opportunity," and to whom it was always a sufficient recommendation that you were friendless and in need, to call forth his active sympathy.

Contrast this man with *that*, and say which merits the name—"philanthropist."

BABY'S DRAWER.

THERE'S a little drawer in my chamber
Guarded with tender care,
Where the dainty clothes are lying
That my darling shall never wear.
And there, while the hours are waning,
Till the house is all at rest,
I sit and fancy a baby
Close to my aching breast.

My darling's pretty, white garments!
I wrought them sitting apart,
While his mystic life was throbbing
Under my throbbing heart.
And often my happy dreaming
Breaks in a little song,
Like the murmur of birds at brooding,
When the days are warm and long.

I finished the dainty wardrobe,
And the drawer was almost full
With robes of the finest muslin,
And robes of the whitest wool.

I folded them all together,
With a rose for every pair;
Smiling, and saying, "Gem, fragrant,
Fit for my prince to wear."

Ah, the radiant summer morning,
So full of a mother's joy!
"Thank God, he is fair and perfect,
My beautiful new-born boy."

Let him wear the pretty, white garments
I wrought while sitting apart;
Lay him, so sweet and helpless,
Here close to my throbbing heart.

Many and many an evening
I sit, since my baby came,
Saying, "What do the angels call him?"
For he died without a name;
Sit while the hours are waning,
And the house is all at rest,
And fancy a baby nestling
Close to my aching breast.

A PHANTOM.

By MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

(Concluded from our last.)

VIRGINIA had borne a good deal before it came to such a pass as that—a great deal that she might have put an end to by ten words of explanation if her pledge and promise of secrecy had not been given—but all the spirit that there was within her rose then, at once. To forbid the man the house on such grounds was to assume that he was her lover, that she countenanced him—was to insult Sedgwick and to outrage her. On fire with an indignation that for a moment obscured all her love:

"Do you mean to ruin me, Aylmer?" she cried; "me and yourself? To imagine, to suspect, to invent such shame, and then to blazon it before the world! Do you think my good name is not dearer to me even than you? You will go after Mr. Sedgwick, and apologize to him and bring him back," said she, "or I will leave your house myself to-morrow, never to return!"

That was not the way to deal with Mr. Aylmer; he was not the man, as she might have known if she had been herself, to do such a thing as that, and never on such compulsion. He simply left the room without another word, entered his study, locked the door, and did not come out. If he had been one trifle less enraged, he might have been desperate, and have locked himself into that room with no good purpose; but there was neither pistol nor poison in all the house, and there was nothing further from Mr. Aylmer's thoughts than using either.

It was not three minutes after this retreat of his from the world, though it seemed to him a much longer time, when it was rudely broken in upon, he still at a white heat, by a cry, a call, a man's voice—no other voice than Sedgwick's; and, bursting from his room, the sight which greeted his horrified eyes was Sedgwick bending over his wife, who had fallen, fainted, on the floor.

"You have killed her!" hoarsely cried Sedgwick, who had not yet left the house at the moment when he had heard her fall. "You have killed the best, the purest, the most innocent of women, with your foul suspicions!" And Aylmer, almost destroyed by the revulsion of feeling that overcame him, brushed him aside like a feather, and snatched her to himself with fierce embraces and incoherent cries, until Sedgwick, reappearing from his hurried search for salts and stimulants, begged him to administer them, and himself persevered with them to her restoration.

As Virginia slowly opened her eyes at length, Aylmer buried his head in the sofa-pillow beside her face.

"See, Virginia, I retract everything," he whispered, brokenly. "Sedgwick is here again."

She sat up wearily, passing her hand across her forehead, as if to wipe out a memory.

"Sedgwick must go," she said, faintly. "Of course, it is impossible for him not to do so. But you deprive me of a friend—of two friends—and him of the advice and assistance he requires. I expected more nobility of—Ah, I am so disappointed!"

"And you cannot forgive me, then, Virginia?"

"Oh, Aylmer, you must forgive me for keeping a secret from you!" cried Virginia, suddenly, still but half recovered. "I ought to have told you that Sedgwick is Laura Arnold's husband. And they are obliged to have their marriage private yet, on account of her old aunt's persistence that she shall marry her cousin, and her aunt is on the point of insanity, so that they dare not let her know for fear of her going quite beside herself; and there was such a mistake in the will, besides, that her aunt can keep her out of all her property, and, of course, they don't want to lose that, or Laura doesn't—Sedgwick wouldn't care. And when they meet, they meet here, and they hear all their news of each other through me. And I was vowed to secrecy before it ever was told to me, and before I was begged to assist them, or certainly I should have told you, Aylmer." And there the torrent of words ceased.

"Now you know the whole, Mr. Aylmer, I hope you think less unkindly of me, said Sedgwick, pleasantly. "And I can assure you that if I had had a glimmer of an idea of your state of mind, I should not have exposed your wife to any such trouble, and should have confided my affairs to you myself."

And thereupon Mr. Aylmer, shaking his hand heartily, begged pardon for his many offences; and Sedgwick repeated his expressions of regret for the annoyances to which the other had been so heedlessly subjected, and which he had not once suspected; and one would have supposed that they were fairly launched, at last, on plain and open sailing.

But one would have been very much mistaken. When his repentance had worn off a little, and his feelings were at a less excitable point, Mr. Aylmer found himself possessed of some different ideas on the subject from those entertained on the evening of his wife's fainting-fit. Virginia had made a statement in Sedgwick's presence; as a gentleman, not to say as a lover, Sedgwick had substantiated it. For all he knew, Laura Arnold was simply their accomplice. Just now, he felt so disturbed—possibly, he said to himself, so cowardly—that he was willing to admit anything for peace; but in his inmost mind, he did not—he would not precisely disbelieve his wife, yet this haunting phantom of his conjectures, this jealousy of his, still stalked through all the chambers of his brain, and he was fast becoming as insane as Laura Arnold's aunt threatened to become, with the monomania that jealousy induced. The old relations, however, presently returned between him and Virginia, possibly by force of their own momentum, it was so much pleasanter to be at peace than at war; and in the brief illness which followed this scene of the fainting-fit, he had her all to himself for a delicious week—a delicious week that, instead of appeasing him in the least, made him only all the more determined to have her in such charming seclusion for the rest of his life—all the more sensitive on account of their difference in age, on account of his comparative poverty, on account of her winsomeness and popularity, and—with his old and cherished habit of reserve—all the more sore with the recollection that another man—that Sedgwick—had obtained such a knowledge of his emotions, such an entrance into his and Virginia's life. And Virginia found, very shortly, that she had only to speak Sedgwick's name in order to darken Aylmer's face with shadows; and, dreading now to raise the ghost that she had hoped had crossed the Styx forever, she never mentioned either him or Laura to her husband. Yet her silence was of no more avail than her speech, and, so far from laying the ghost, it only roused the thing into more unflinching energy. If Virginia would not speak of the matter, it became her husband to keep his own eyes open.

Sedgwick came no more to Aylmer's house. That might have quieted a less exacting man. But it did not quiet Aylmer; for when he observed that now his visits had ceased openly, he immediately suspected that they were continued secretly, though in reality scornful to verify his suspicions by observation. Perhaps, he said, it was in order to meet Laura Arnold, or to obtain news of her; but that any one should indeed love or admire Laura Arnold better than his wife Virginia was something Aylmer could not comprehend, and, therefore, did not credit. Convinced, though, at last, that Sedgwick was no longer in any way a frequenter of Virginia's drawing-room, no other conjecture would satisfy Aylmer's restless self-torture than that they met elsewhere. Where did Laura go? Sometimes driving in the Park, or on the Blossomway Road, with her mother; sometimes shopping; sometimes calling on her friends, yet not very often the latter, and, at that, chiefly on Laura Arnold. They met, then, at Laura Arnold's! At the house of that half-crazy old aunt. And Aylmer made himself thoroughly miserable over this fine and notable discovery, without condescending to take pains enough to be assured even that it was a true one. He would have died, he said to himself, sooner than set a watch upon his wife's conduct—not pausing once to think that these groundless doubts of his were quite as dishonoring to her as the practice of any system of espionage could have been.

As for Virginia, she thought all disturbance or annoyance, so far as she was concerned in the matter, was certainly at an end. She had seen neither Sedgwick nor his handwriting now for six months; and, instead of being the medium of communication between him and Laura any longer, all she knew of him was the intelligence that Laura gave her, and with

which she could not choose but sympathize; and, on the whole, she would as soon have thought, after what had passed, of one's accusing the moon of revolving round some other planet, as of Aylmer's any further entertaining a doubt of her undivided affection for himself, and she innocently continued her intercourse with Laura Arnold, without a thought of its casting the faintest mist upon her husband's spirit. Yet Virginia—still knowing that the past rendered the mention of Sedgwick's name unpleasant to her husband, and feeling that such mention would be like an ungenerous taunt, since Mr. Aylmer had, to her way of thinking, such reason for being thoroughly ashamed of his course in relation to Sedgwick—took care never to allude to him; and even when there was something to communicate that might have made her husband open his eyes, and regret, sadly enough, his morbid unkindness, she still judged it most expedient not to call up the old trouble; and so she held her peace.

It was very unfortunate for Mr. Aylmer's emotional condition that, just at this time, he was engaged as counsel in a great California land case—a duty involving a careful investigation of ancient records, both of the Mexican church and the old Spanish authorities, and forcing him to journey to the Pacific coast at once, and institute search among all the musty archives that had any bearing on the case. In his normal state of mind, the duty, the journey, the whole experience, would have been extremely agreeable to Mr. Aylmer. As it was, nothing could have been more distasteful. To leave Virginia for months exposed to the fascinations of that Sedgwick, dependent on his attentions and society—that was an unbearable idea. To refuse the case, to abandon the celebrity which its successful prosecution would bring, to forego the fee, a small fortune in itself—his circumstances made it imperative that he should do nothing so wild as that. To take Virginia with him—she was now really ill, and utterly without the strength to undertake such a prostrating voyage, even if he were willing to force her to leave home and comfort for the sake of the company of her dull old husband. If she offered to go—well, he would wait and see. But Virginia also waited to see—to see if he would invite her—far too delicate to propose to double his expenses for the sake of giving her the pleasure of going with him. She said, in her own meditations, that she was a great baby for wanting to go, and for not being able to do without the sight of her husband's face and sound of his voice for just three months. He said, in his own meditations, that he had been a fool to suppose his society could have any value to such a happy, gay young creature—let her stay at home, and have her natural pleasures, he would go out into the wilderness and toil for her! And so, when the time for departure came, he kissed her, and uttered a hoarse good-by, and was off.

But if Mr. Aylmer did not take Virginia, he took his haunting phantom along—a travelling companion that gave him more vexation than a world of fine ladies with a solar system of trunks. Californian land cases are not always to be uprooted in an instant, and Mr. Aylmer found that this was a perfect *ignis-fatuus*, leading him a chase over bog, brook and brier, till, landing him far up the interior among the olives and grape-vines of an old mission, so that nearly five months had passed before the same skies again rose and set over him and Virginia together.

They had been five months of restless anxiety to him, in spite of Virginia's almost daily letters, and his as constant replies; for Mr. Aylmer was very woefully in love with his wife, and more in absence even than in presence; and not one of all her letters had he opened without a pang of fear lest her feeling for him had changed in the interim since the mailing of the last package, and she were about to boldly avow it. Then, too, he had left Virginia far from well; and though she always said in every letter that she was better than she was when writing the one before, yet he knew Virginia never admitted that she was ill so long as she could hold up her head, and her own statement was no data at all to judge from; and it was even possible that he should find her prone in the last stages of a quick consumption! And when Mr. Aylmer had worried himself enough with these conjectures, he always had another series to fall back upon—all of which could be comprised in the one word, Sedgwick—Sedgwick, who, at any moment, could be pictured by Mr. Aylmer as sunning himself in the heaven of Virginia's presence; while he, her husband and adorer, delved in these worm-eaten records, Colton's Atlas only knew how many thousand miles away! And what made assurance doubly sure about it all was the fact that Virginia never mentioned his or Laura Arnold's names in a single line of all her countless letters.

Nobody was ever more surprised and delighted, than, when, a few moments after the tug had come alongside the steamer, there was a tap on his stateroom door, and he opened it to Virginia, blooming and in perfect health, springing toward him with a cry of joy, and hiding her head in his breast. She had come down, under her father's protection, to meet him; and at such an evidence of impatient affection, and for a little while, Mr. Aylmer was in a state of unabated bliss, and for as much as twenty-four hours suffered himself to be thoroughly happy, omitted to summon his shadows and suspicions about him, and even forgot the very name of Sedgwick.

When, however, the first newness of home wore away, and Mr. Aylmer bethought himself of looking about him, then he observed, that, for all Virginia's restored health and apparent delight at his return, there was a tired and worn look to be detected every now and then, if not even a shade of sadness, on her face—more quiet now than it was wont to be. And he began, of course, straightway to puzzle himself concerning causes and consequences, till his *bête noir* rose in full force once more, as un-

tamed a nightmare as ever. And one day, quite as uncomfortable with the old jealousy—for no earthly cause, other, perhaps, than that the wind blew east when he wanted it to blow west—as highly wrought as he had been in the earliest days of his marriage, he entered the street to see standing at the door the dark green coach and silver mountings, whose wheels were the wheels on which all his good fortune was wont to trundle away; and as he entered the hall, sure of finding Sedgwick within, and as ready to confront him with blows, as though being there were a capital offence, he was passed by a tall lady sweeping her sables after her, who made him a lofty obeisance from behind her veil, and sailed out. "It was Laura Arnold that I passed just now," he cried, striding into the drawing-room. "Then that Sedgwick is—"

"Mr. Aylmer," said Virginia, looking up with eyes still wet from recent tears, "Laura is so often here for comfort and sympathy and consolation in her trouble—because she knows how fond I was of him—that I trust her husband is not always far away, even in spirit, though he can be here in no other form—"

Mr. Aylmer was not listening to her actual words. "Do you know what you are saying, Virginia?" he cried. "So fond of him? You trust he cannot be far away? That Sedgwick?"

"That Sedgwick is dead, Aylmer," said Virginia, quietly. "He died four months ago, six weeks after you went away—died from the effects of an accident, a fall as he went down our steps on the night when I fainted, you remember, and after he had suffered more than half a year."

"Dead?" cried Aylmer. "And—"

"I never mentioned it to you, for I was sure the subject must be an unpleasant one; but I knew, Aylmer, that your better self could not object to my doing all I might to solace Laura for the loss of her husband. She was almost wild with her grief, and I went and brought her home here, and she staid with me nearly all the time that you were gone. And now her aunt is dead, too, and she has her fortune, and her marriage is acknowledged, so that she can wear her husband's name. And I hope—I hope, Aylmer, that you have no bitterness against Sedgwick, now."

Mr. Aylmer looked at his wife a moment, until his eyes suddenly filled with such tears that he could not see her; but he went and took her in his arms, trembling and clinging to him, and though he did not ask her to forgive him, or assure her that he never would be jealous of her again, yet from that moment there was quiet in that household, and Mr. Aylmer's phantom had dissipated into thin air, and had departed.

MY DAUGHTER'S STORY.

"THEN you can give me no reason for your objections, father?"

Molly's voice sounded defiant, but her quivering mouth showed how much pain I had given her, and it became necessary to repeat my objections, to save myself from yielding.

"I gave you two reasons just now, Molly. I think Mr. Wickham is too old for you, and I want to know a little more about him before you promise to be his wife."

"Oh, father! you know I don't like young men; Mr. Wickham is only forty; though you have only known him a few weeks, remember I saw a good deal of him at Brighton."

"I must still keep to what I told you just now, Molly; I don't yet know enough of Mr. Wickham to consent to your marriage with him; and until I do know a little more about him, he must not come here, my darling."

"It is very, very hard," said Molly, ignoring the fond look that went with my last words. "I must know best who will make me happy."

There was such a quaver in the sweet voice, as she shut the door behind her, that I felt sure Molly would go straight up-stairs to her own room, and cry her dear heart out, and I leaned back in my chair, and covered my face with my hands, as I thought of my darling's suffering. It seemed to me that if her mother had lived this could never have happened to Molly.

"No," I said to myself, firmly. "I hate prejudice, and I think young people should marry for love; but I consider an attachment safest when it springs up in a girl's own home."

Tea-time came, and Molly did not come down to make it. I grew more and more uneasy. I got up, and began to walk up and down the large old-fashioned room I sat in.

My thought was this: That I had not been quite truthful with Molly; that the strong motive-power of my objection to Mr. Wickham's suit was a prejudice against the man himself. The strangest part about this prejudice was, that it seemed to have been in my mind before I saw him. It seemed to me as if I must have known this man in a dream, or in some previous state of existence.

I had stood still just beside a large easel. I have not said before that I am an artist, because it matters little to the story I have to tell; but the room was full of ensembles, folios and half-finished pictures and sketches. On the easel beside which I now stood was a sketch-book, kept open by a mahi-stick. Molly had been sketching from a cast of a pair of hands, hardly to be seen now in the dim light on the opposite wall; but I was not looking at her bold yet careful drawing. This easel was near enough to my lamp for me to see a sentence written over and over again on the other side of the page—Richard Robert Wickham—and then, as if the initials pleased her, R. R. W. in varied monograms.

I started as if some one had come suddenly on me, and then instinctively I looked up at the ceiling; a chaos of places and persons was surging up into my brain so confusedly that I could not attain to any distinctness of vision.

I went back to my table, sat down in my chair, and again I covered my face with my hands. This time I was trying to face my thoughts, not to shirk them.

R. R. W. I had seen these initials. Yes, often and often—but where? I tried to see the letters in my mind, and then, holding them fixed there, to force Memory to picture where she had seen them. By degrees, slowly, painfully, my vision grew clearer. I saw the R. R. W. distinctly; no longer on the blank-leaf of Molly's sketch-book, but in the corner of large folio sheets of paper, and then, as suddenly as the furling of a sail—the unrolling of the moon by a wind-driven cloud—came out into distinctness the mystery that had been laboring in my brain.

I unclasped my hands, and looked up at the ceiling. Yes; I understood it all now. Years ago, as a lad, I had been pupil to an architect, and drawing after drawing of ornaments of various kinds had come under my notice, always with this R. R. W. in the corner.

I saw a cozy dining-room, with a blazing fire, and the glow of crimson curtains on the face of my host, portly Mr. Attwood, the architect, who sat opposite to me on the other side of the hearth-rug; and it seemed to me I could see a trim-looking parlor-maid ushering in a middle-sized, slim youth, with light hair and whiskers—his name I could not remember, but he was the designer of the ceilings, and in the employ of Messrs. Popton, the builders. I remembered that he sat with his face in shadow, only every now and then a flicker in the fire had given me a clearer glimpse of him. He staid about a quarter of an hour, and seemed glad to get away. Could this have been Mr. Wickham—this thin, pale, timid youth—the well-dressed and well-to-do man who had dined with us that Sunday? And yet, once in the afternoon there had come over him a timid, ill-assured manner, which, now I remembered it, likened him strangely to Mr. Attwood's visitor. And—yes, this seemed to make conjecture sure—the timid manner had come to Mr. Wickham when I asked him if he had ever taken up art practically, as he seemed to be so fond of collecting it. He had avoided answering my question.

"If old Attwood was alive, I could make inquiry of him," I said; and then I felt provoked that he and both the brothers Popton had died years ago. I had no clue to the R. R. W. of my younger days.

Next morning Molly sent me a message, hoping I would excuse her, and send her up some tea.

I felt very sorry not to see her, especially as I was going to make a sketch near St. Paul's, a background for my new picture, and I had determined not to come home as usual to our early dinner.

My sketch was very troublesome; and when I at last thought about dinner, I found it was past three o'clock.

I was close to St. Paul's churchyard, and I went into a pastry-cook's, a place I had often lunched in when I was at Attwood's, and ordered a basin of soup.

I had seated myself at one of the small marble tables in the dingy parlor behind the shop. There was no one there but myself, and I rapped my glass impatiently with the blade of my knife.

"Yes, sir," said the waiter, just putting in his head from a side door; "directly, sir!" and he vanished.

I felt exasperated—half-inclined to go away at once. Just at this moment two men came into the shop, and seated themselves at the table next mine; but as they had their backs toward me, and the light came dimly through the dirty cobwebbed window, I could not see their faces.

They began to talk, at first about China. One of them had lately returned from Shanghai. Something in the tone of this man's voice struck me as familiar. I could not identify it, but it linked itself with the crowd of long-buried memories that had been revived last night by the sight of Mr. Wickham's initials.

"Are those chops coming?" said the Shanghai man. I tried to get a look at him as he spoke, but his face was smothered in a huge brown beard.

"I say, Tom," his companion said, "did you ever come across Dickybird in Australia?"

"Hush!" said the other, but he scarcely lowered his voice; "he's back again here—up in the world again, and doing well."

"You don't mean that? Why, I've been in England ever since, and I've heard nothing about him."

"Well, then, Fred, if you walk up and down Mincing Lane for an hour to-morrow morning, before you return to the bosom of your family at Reading, you'll most likely meet Mr. Richard Robert Wickham, tea-broker, coming out of his own office."

Fred whistled. "He has a nerve, and no mistake. I've heard that these things happen in Australia; but I didn't think a man could get fourteen years, and then come back and hold up his head in old England again, just as if nothing had happened."

"Well, and why not? I believe he had a scamp of a father, who taught him no good. Forgery's an ugly thing; but still I believe it to be one of those crimes a man may commit in a moment of sudden temptation, and repent of ever after. I always thought the Poptons hard in prosecuting the case. No, I can't see why poor Dickybird should not have a chance of dying honest. He's getting on in life now."

"Well," said Fred, "you can do as you please, but I couldn't have anything to say to Wickham if I were to meet him a hundred times."

It was impossible for me to stay there any longer, so I went up to the counter, paid for what I had had, and went back to my sketch.

But not to draw. My head seemed to be going round and round, as I made the best of my way back to Doughty street.

I remembered the forgery on Popton's, but even now I could not distinctly recall the names of those who had been tried and convicted for having committed it. I knew there had been three or four concerned. Once or twice, as I

walked home, I told myself it was impossible that the lover of my child was a returned convict.

I had some hope that Molly might have gone out to take a walk; but when I opened the door, there she stood in the middle of the painting-room, before the open sketch-book.

Molly came up to me timidly, and held up her face to be kissed.

"Father," she grew crimson while she spoke, "Mr. Wickham has been here, and he says he is coming again this evening to explain matters to you."

Poor dear Molly! I don't know what I had said; my words had burst from me like a tempest.

But she only shrank away for a moment; then, like a true woman, she rallied to defend her lover.

"Father, you may not like Mr. Wickham, but you have no right to call him scoundrel."

"Silence!" I said.

I felt that I must tell her the truth at once; but I did not look at her while I told it.

"And how do you know it is the same person?" her voice rang out, in triumphant scorn; "how do you know those men were speaking the truth? Father, I can't believe it is you telling me all this. Why did you not turn round on the men, and dare them to prove what they were chattering about?" She turned away impatiently, and walked up and down the room as fast as she could.

Presently she came back to me, her breath coming in quick short pants between her words.

"And if it is true, do you think I shall leave off loving him? What! when he is trying to do what is right and just, shall I desert him? I shall only cling to him more closely—only strive to show him that at least one heart believes him true and honorable; but I don't believe this story."

I confess that her passion frightened me. I had seen her self-willed, but not often; she had been such a gentle, yielding girl.

I was determined she should give up Mr. Wickham; but I wanted her to do this willingly.

"If Mr. Wickham confesses to this when I see him to-night, will you be convinced then?" I said, gravely.

"Not unless he tells me so himself," and she went out of the room, as if she were afraid to trust her own self-control.

Mr. Wickham came. I told him my story. At first he hesitated; but when he saw that I remembered him, he confessed the whole matter.

He pleaded very strongly against my judgment; he said he did not believe any one but the man I had heard called Tom would have recognized him; he, it seems, had been clerk to Mr. Attwood at the time of the forgery. Wickham explained his prospects to me, and offered to make a settlement on Molly, but I could not yield.

I called Molly down-stairs; he turned pale when she fixed her clear candid eyes on his; but at my request he confirmed the tale I had told her.

She shivered slightly, and then she put her hand in his.

"Bear witness, father, that I love him better than ever, and that I will not marry any one else."

He took her in his arms, and kissed her before I could interfere.

"Molly, go up-stairs," I said, as quietly as I could. As soon as she was gone, I turned to Wickham.

"You had no right to touch my child. I had just told you that I will never give her to you. I feel sorry for your position; but I do not consider that a man who was striving earnestly to regain an honest name would have acted as you must have acted in your acquaintance with my daughter. Now, understand distinctly, you must not come here; you must not write to Molly, nor must you attempt to meet her. If you do any of these things, I tell you frankly, that I shall not feel bound to keep your secret."

He looked at me for a moment, a keen glance from under his light eyelashes that seemed to be probing my nature.

"I will trust you, Mr. Morton," he said; "and you may rely on me. Good-evening."

Molly fell ill; so pale and weak that my heart ached for the sorrow that I knew she was suffering. I sent for our doctor; but he only advised change of air.

"She shall never leave me again," I said, and though I could ill afford the expense, I took Molly down to Hastings.

But she only grew sadder and quieter, and I felt my own spirits sinking rapidly. I could sketch out of doors; but in the small cramped lodging I had none of the resources I found at home.

One morning I came down to breakfast earlier than usual. I had resolved on going home; perhaps the change back to London might develop in Molly the benefit she had derived from the sea-air.

I met her coming up-stairs; she had been out walking, and there was a fresh bloom on her cheeks I had not seen for weeks.

"Good-morning, darling. What do you think about going home to-morrow?"

"Oh, father, not to-morrow; I am just beginning to like Hastings."

I was so glad to see this change in her, so thankful to hear her say she liked anything, that I yielded at once.

"Then you shall stay here, darling," I bent down and kissed her; but Molly did not fling her arms round my neck, and thank me as she would have thanked me a year ago.

That afternoon we took a walk along the cliffs. Molly was quite in spirits, pointing out to me the sea-gulls as they flew slowly toward us, bringing the twilight along with them. It was a beautiful evening; and when the sun had disappeared, the after-glow had a singular radiance. I can never forget the walk home; we were both very silent, but Molly slept up to me,

and nestled her hand into my arm. Ah, me! just as her mother always did.

As I went to sleep that night, I told myself it was only a question of time; Molly would forget Wickham, and be her own sunny self again.

The next morning brought a telegram. I had to start at once for London on business of too profitable a nature to be neglected.

"You will follow me later in the day," I said.

"Oh, may I not stay here till the end of our week?" she said. "I want to stay a little longer."

I was surprised; but I reflected that as this was Thursday, I could come down again on Saturday, and return with Molly to London on the Monday after.

For a moment, just while I said good-by to Molly, I had felt a strange unwillingness to leave her; but this passed away, and on Saturday I started early, with a bagful of new magazines for my darling.

When I reached our lodging, Molly was there no longer; she had gone out that morning for her walk as usual, but she had left in my bedroom a letter for me—she had married Wickham the day before.

At first, though I was almost broken-hearted, I affected sternness, and said I would not see Molly. But I could not hold out long; and one day, when she crept softly into my painting-room, and begged me to forgive her, made us good friends again. After all, she had acted like a noble-hearted woman. But I never could forgive Wickham, though I tried to be kind to him.

The end came soon enough. A whisper, at first not credited, then disputed, and finally noised abroad, destroyed my son-in-law's credit, and made the story of his youth the theme of public talk.

He tried to face it, to live it down; but he could not. For a time, Molly held her head up proudly, and seemed unmoved by the avoidance of her friends and the change in her husband's position; she seemed to cling yet more to him in the face of his disgrace. But the blow told inwardly. When she found that her husband gave up the hope of conquering public opinion in England, her courage sank. "If he would only brave it," she said one day; but this was all. She made no complaint; but the light faded from her eyes, and she grew weaker daily.

"God bless you, father," she said, the day they sailed for Melbourne. "You deserved a better child."

It seems to me often that I hear those words, spoken in the sweet, gentle voice, that I see the wistful, yearning look on my Molly's face. She says her husband is good to her; and I try to be content; but spite of her self-devotion, it seems to me that something is wanting in her life over the sea.

ADMINISTERING THE OATH TO HIRAM REVELS, SENATOR ELECT FROM MISSISSIPPI.

HIRAM REVELS, the colored Senator from the State of Mississippi, was sworn in and admitted to his seat at 4.40 P. M. of Friday, the 26th ult., at the close of a debate, in which acrimonious expressions, rather than arguments bearing on the constitutionality of the case, were used. Of this quasi-historical event, a Washington correspondent of one of our city journals writes:

There was not an inch of standing or sitting room in the galleries, so densely were they packed; and to say that the interest was intense gives but a faint idea of the feeling which prevailed throughout the entire proceeding. Mr. Vickers, of Maryland, opened the debate, arguing against the admission, on the ground that Revels had not been a citizen for nine years, and therefore was not eligible. Mr. Wilson followed, on the other side, and was succeeded by Mr. Casserly, who took a new departure, and arraigned the entire reconstruction policy, charging that all the Southern Senators were put in their seats by the force of the bayonets of the regular army. This aroused Mr. Drake, and provoked him to utter remarks and to make personal allusions in no way pertinent to the subject before the body. Mr. Sumner made the closing speech for the Republican side of the question. It was brief, pithy, and eloquent. Then came Mr. Stockton, in defence of the Democratic party. He argued in favor of a motion to refer the credentials to the Judiciary Committee, which was promptly negatived. The question was then put on the admission, which was passed. Only one thing remained, which was that the first colored Senator elect should advance to the Speaker's desk, and be sworn. The Vice-President made the announcement to the galleries that all demonstrations of approval or disapproval would be promptly suppressed. There had been, through the debate, one or two such demonstrations—once from the Republican side, when Mr. Scott, in reply to Mr. Bayard, declared that he abandoned the Democratic party when it raised its hand in rebellion; and again, when Mr. Stockton prophesied that the Democracy would soon control National affairs. In view of these facts, Mr. Colfax's announcement was somewhat necessary. When the Vice-President uttered the words, "The Senator elect will now advance and take the oath," a pin might have been heard drop. But as Senator Wilson rose in his seat, and stepped to the lounge immediately behind the desk, where Mr. Revels was sitting, to escort that gentleman to the Speaker's desk, the galleries rose to their feet, that they might miss no word or lose no glimpse of what was being enacted below. The ceremony was very short. Mr. Revels showed no embarrassment whatever, and his demeanor was as dignified as could be expected under the circumstances. The vast throng in the galleries showed no sign of feeling one way or the other, and left very quietly.

APOTHEGMS.—In the heart of every man eminently great the lion and the lamb dwell together. Not that which men do worthily, but that which they do successfully, is what history makes haste to record. Never be ashamed of confessing your ignorance, for the wisest man upon the earth is ignorant of many things, inasmuch that what he knows is merely nothing in comparison with what he does not know.

AN ANCIENT RELIC.—An interesting discovery has just been made in Russia, namely, of a Byzantine cameo in onyx, dated from the seventh century. The gem, which is embedded in a golden cup, presented to the Cathedral of Ouspenski by Catherine II., is two inches in length and of an oval form. The relief represents a cross surmounted by a medallion bearing the effigy of the Saviour, accompanied by two figures of angels. An inscription in Greek characters contains the name of the Emperor Leonidas, who reigned at Byzantium from 668 to 695, having usurped the throne after the death of Justinian II.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

GOTTSCALK'S \$200,000 goes to his mother and sisters.

EUGENIE is to visit Norway and Sweden in the spring.

PRINCE TORLONIA is the tobacco contractor in Rome.

FATHER DONELAN, Acting Bishop of Iowa, is seriously ill.

A STUDENT from Siberia is attending Cornell University.

THE Hon. Mrs. Yelverton is reading with success in California.

LEVER, the novelist, sleeps eighteen hours out of the twenty-four.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT is again reported quite ill in Washington, D. C.

THE last of the Niantic Indians has opened a saloon in New London.

BISHOP QUINTARD has returned to Nashville, improved in health.

GENERAL BEAUREGARD has arrived in Marseilles on railroad business.

OLLIVIER, the Prime Minister of France, is a very accomplished musician.

BEN WADE wants the word "male" stricken from the Constitution of Ohio.

GUIZOT and Thiers have commenced dining and wining with Ollivier in Paris.

THE health of the Czar is such as to incapacitate him for work of any kind.

THERE will be a deficiency in the Pope's exchequer this year of over \$6,000,000.

ONE of Gottschalk's female admirers in Brooklyn, is modeling a bust of the pianist.

PROFESSOR JOHN S. WOODMAN, of Dartmouth College, is very low with typhoid fever.

MR. THORNTON, Her British Majesty's Minister to the United States, is to receive a baronetcy.

LYDIA THOMPSON entertained the Cincinnati Common Council at supper the other evening.

THE employees of the Rothschilds, five hundred in number, are now all furnished with revolvers.

LORD LYTTON has been appointed Knight of the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

MISS CHARLOTTE E. RAY, a young lady of color, is a student in the law department of Howard University.

GENERAL MCCLELLAN has been elected first director of the Hudson Highland Suspension Bridge Company.

PRINCE ARTHUR has sent to Minnie, General Sherman's daughter, a gold medallion bearing his mother's and his own profiles.

THE Archduchess Elizabeth, of Austria, was overtaken at Hamburg, just as she was running away from her husband, to embark for America.

ADMIRAL JOHN R. TUCKER, of the Peruvian navy, is having some vessels built in Wilmington, Delaware, which he expects to be launched in June.

THE property belonging to the late Mr. Peabody at Brixton, which was seized on the ground of his alienage, is to be legally conveyed by the crown to his trustees.

M. ROCHEFORT has paid up the fines imposed upon him by the tribunal which recently sentenced him by default for his treasonable article in the *Marseillaise*.

M. OLLIVIER is said to be the first Frenchman who has ever reached the rank of First Minister of the Crown without having been the recipient of a single Order, native or foreign.

THE Right Rev. Ashurst Turner Gilbert, D. D., Bishop of Chichester, in England, died February 23d. He was the son of a captain in the royal marine forces, and was born in 1786.

MAJOR-GENERAL WM. S. HARNEY, United States Army, has subscribed \$1,000 for the endowment of the presidential chair (General R. E. Lee's) of Washington College, Virginia.

THE oldest Free Mason in Connecticut is G. Howell Olmstead, landlord of the Stafford Springs House. He is ninety-three years of age, and was initiated at Dorchester, Mass., in 1798.

THE Japanese Government has appointed Myeda Roan, a high officer of the court, to visit Europe and America to inquire into the condition of the Japanese subjects scattered there.

A ROMAN correspondent of a London paper speaks of the death of an American millionaire, Mr. Cunney, resulting from a fall from his horse at a fox-hunt given in honor of the Empress of Austria.

CHARLES DICKENS is expected to give a series of lectures at Paris. Mme. George Sand was also invited, but declined, upon the ground that she was too old and too coquettish to show herself to the public.

REV. GEORGE BAUGHART, one of the oldest Methodist ministers in the United States, died at his residence near Bridgeville, Warren County, N. J., a few days since. He had reached the ripe old age of eighty-eight years.

JOHN GOULD was recently released from the State-prison at Thomson, Mo., on account of the dying confession of a man who, years before, had committed a murder for which Gould suffered imprisonment.

THE Hon. Henry S. Lane, of Indiana, ex-Senator of the United States, recently celebrated his silver wedding. Among the presents was a silver chronometer watch from the members of the Crawfordville bar.

THE Washington "Republican" says: "It has been ascertained that Greenwald, who was recently killed in Havana, was not a citizen of the United States, but of Hesse, and that he went to Cuba on a Hessian passport."

GEORGE FOX, a retired New Yorker, recently deceased, left his three hundred thousand dollars to the United States "to assist in paying the expenses of subjugating the rebellious Confederate States." His relations are trying to have the will broken.

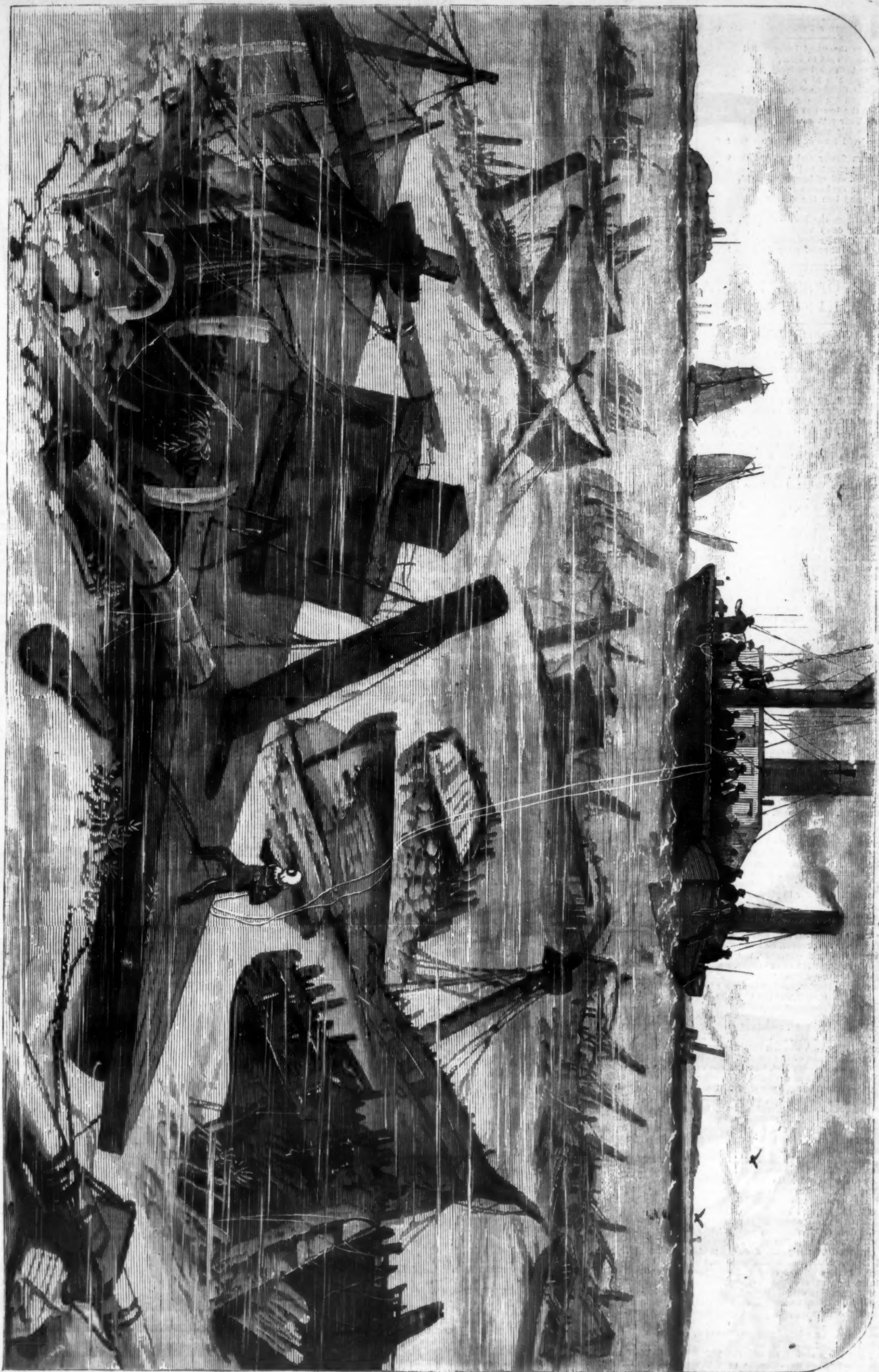
A WRITER in the New London "Star," who was once a member of a committee to invite Rufus Choate to deliver a Fourth of July oration in New London, declares that when his reply was received it required two days to decipher it, so as to tell whether he accepted the invitation or not.

THE Fenians in Troy are preparing to give a hearty welcome to Michael Moore, who went to Ireland a few years ago to take part in a Fenian uprising, but was captured and sentenced to five years' penal servitude, and has arrived at San Francisco, having escaped from Van Dieman's Land.

NEW YORK CITY.—RECEPTION OF PALESTINE COMMANDERY AT APOLLA HALL, WEDNESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 23.—REVIEW AND PARADE OF THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 431.



SOUTH CAROLINA.—THE WRECKS OF THE GREAT REBELLION IN THE BAY OF CHARLESTON.—DIVERS EXAMINING THE BOTTOM OF THE HARBOR.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 435.



SONG.

BY MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

WHEN the great breezes call
From east to west,
And through the turf wall
Sing him to rest;
While lightly snow-flakes fall
Upon his breast,
Till the low bed be hid
By their soft coverlid,
So fair and frore—
Could love of mine do more?

When flower and leaf and light
The green sod bless,
When, out of heaven's height,
The sunbeams press
Around him the delight
Of their caress,
And from the hemlock, hark,
Where dewy nests lie dark,
The bird-songs pour—
Could love of mine do more?

THREE CASTS FOR A LIFE.

BY C. G. ROSENBERG.

PART I.—THE RUSSIAN SERF.

CHAPTER X.—THE SPY—LIBERTY, YEARS HENCE, AND THE KNOT, TO-MORROW—THE WIND OR A LAUGH—WHICH IS IT?—A THIRD IN THE PARTY—COOL CRAFT AND STUBBORN FEAR—A GENTLEMAN'S USE OF COLD STEEL—THE ONE-SIDED ARGUMENT.

UPON the same night, the moon, which was barely at the close of its first quarter, was already low in the horizon when Paul Dimitry stood in the rear of the Boyard's manor-house, near the door of the stables.

These were at a distance of some hundred yards from the dwelling.

He was evidently in expectation of the appearance of some one, and had been so for a tolerably long period, if a correct judgment upon this point may be inferred from the suppressed exclamations of impatience muttered between his teeth. Could it be an intrigue in which he was engaged with one of his father's female serfs? Did he consider it expedient to keep such an intrigue from Ivan Dimitry's notice? No—certainly not. At this period, the moral law was by no means operative upon the relation between the owner and his chattels. Nor indeed—had it in other cases been so—was the Boyard, one who might have closely heeded it. His inner conscience and his daily life would scarcely have been too tightly laced, in accordance with its provisions. Flodorowna was, as Paul well knew, the only exception to his father's unrigid supervision over the morality of his fleshly property.

Neither could it be his sister, now—although in the past time, when both of them were children, they had often met here, not possibly at so late an hour, to consult upon some means of evading the rude discipline which characterized the internal arrangements of Berenzoff.

It could not be her, for whom he was waiting here.

When young Dimitry, immediately after the senseless rupture, upon his part, with one whose love for him—mingled as it was with contempt—had so often stood between his fear and his father's ire, called himself "a fool" for having so needlessly provoked her, he had not even dreamed of asking her forgiveness. Knowing the nature of his family with as curious a certainty as she did, he saw that it would have been as impossible for her to pardon as for him to ask her to do so.

"The devil seize him. Where does the fool linger?"

As the words passed his lips, somewhat more loudly than, up to the present, he had permitted his impatience to find utterance, the Russian saw, in the lowering light of the moon, a white figure rapidly but noiselessly advancing round the corner of the stables. When it drew near, it might be seen that it was the boy who has been in ordinary attendance upon old Dimitry.

Pausing, the young serf asked, scarcely above his breath—"Are you here, master?"

Paul Dimitry had withdrawn himself within the shadow of the rough wooden building, until he had heard the voice of the lad and seen his features. Nor were these last, had the son of the Boyard been much in the habit of reading and judging men, unworth some study. They were angularly and keenly cut, not free from the flattened nose and high cheek-bones of his race, but were, nevertheless, almost handsome, had it not been for the look of supple cunning which was written on the expression of the mouth. His forehead was both wide and low, but, unlike his countrymen generally, well-defined and prominent. So much, at any rate, could be seen before he stole into the shadow where young Dimitry was standing.

"You have kept me waiting—Podatchky."

"What would my lord have? The old master would not sleep. I was unable to leave my mat, by the door of his chamber, earlier."

"Why did you send me this knife?"

Paul extended to the youth a costly gold-handled knife, which, in a clearer light, it might have been seen was engraved with his name, in large and deeply-cut letters. The serf took it from him with a marked and humble reverence. Then, he concealed it within the folds of the sash with which his loose garment was confined.

"It was the sign my lord bade me send him, when I had anything to tell him."

"Do I not know that?" replied the young man, impatiently, but nevertheless in a cautiously suppressed voice. "Can you not speak? What is it you have to say?"

"Perhaps, the master may not care to hear what his servant has to tell."

"When you have told me, I may judge."

"It was so strange."

"Will you speak at once, and to the point—Podatchky?"

"My lord is wiser, and can see farther than the serf. I obey."

"In the name of the devil! be quick, then."

"It is about the old master and his daughter—the Countess Dolgorouki, and Flodorowna."

"What of her?" exclaimed the Russian noble, fiercely. He had assuredly forgotten himself, for he threw his eyes rapidly around him, while he proceeded in a much subdued tone.

"I will not again interrupt. Tell me all."

The lad had followed the glance of the young man with extreme terror.

"If his master speaks so loudly—Podatchky will go. Liberty, years hence, will not soften the stripes of the knout to-morrow."

"I promise thee"—said Paul Dimitry. His words were as law to the serf. "Let me know the rest."

"The old master and the young mistress were speaking together."

"This was the reason, then"—muttered the son of the Boyard—"that Catharine sent off the Parisian popinjay with Sapichy."

"At first, although your slave glued his ear to the door, he could hear little that the old master said. But he heard the words of the mistress—"

"Call her not your mistress. She has ceased to be so, and never more can be."

Low as Paul Dimitry's angry utterance was, the youth heard it. It was clear to him, that the sting of her whip was still felt. A low sound, which might have been the sigh of the distant wind, or possibly a quelled chuckle, was heard.

"Did you laugh—Podatchky?"

Quietly as the question was put, the serf shuddered as he heard its savage intonation.

"As I am living—no!"

"Who did, then?"

"It was the wind—master."

"It may have been."

For some short space both listened, but no further sound came to them—save the occasional rustle of the breeze among the pines surrounding the back of Berenzoff. Young Dimitry grew convinced that the boy had spoken the truth.

"You can continue."

"The countess uttered the name of the niece of Mallowitz, but the old master would not hear her."

"Did she not speak of me, also?"

"The countess did."

"And what said she?"

"The ears of Podatchky were sealed to her words."

"Podatchky lies."

"Will my lord listen to—"

"I can tell you, all you pretend not to have heard"—added Paul, with malignant emphasis. "What matters it? Make haste with your tale."

"The master knows—"

"She spoke of Flodorowna?" said the son of the Boyard, stamping his foot impatiently upon the earth.

"The old master would not listen to her. Again the countess spoke her name, and scarcely was it uttered, than he angrily stayed what was upon her tongue. At last she spoke once more, and the master listened. She told him that the French stranger loved Flodorowna—"

—although the Russian knew this, when he heard it, his sharp teeth ground together with a grating sound—"and asked the old master to give her to him. Then his anger woke. It was a terrible thing even to hear. He spoke like the wind of winter coming from the north, in tempest and in darkness. While he poured out his rage, nothing else could be heard. He had thrown her from where he was standing, across the room, to the door of the apartment. The countess had not spoken a word, nor did she speak. I thought she was dead."

An ugly thought rose, as he listened to the boy, across the mind of Paul Dimitry.

"Why did she not? She interferes in my affairs—curse her!" He would certainly have asked the young serf whether she was "out of his way" or not, had he not known that on this day—the noon immediately succeeding the scene which had been recounted to him—she had dined at the table of the Boyard. After a lengthy pause, he turned to Podatchky, and asked him slowly—"Is this all?"

"No—master."

"Let me hear the rest, then."

Even as the lad's tongue commenced the remainder of the story, a firm hand was laid upon the shoulder of Paul Dimitry, and, in the dense shadow, Podatchky saw that a third figure had grown out of the darkness in which they were standing, and been added to their party.

He would have fled, but for the tight grasp which, at the same instant, clutched his arm.

"O'er Paul," said a mocking voice, "your thirst for information has considerably enlightened your brother-in-law, for which he feels bound to express his thanks."

"Sapichy!"

As young Dimitry uttered his name, the count withdrew his hand from his shoulder, and strode with the unresisting boy into the scanty moonlight, which was, nevertheless, sufficient for him to peruse his features by. This he did, pleasantly, and with a winning smile upon his countenance, had there been light enough on it for the serf to have imitated his example.

"I look, that I may know you whenever or wherever we may meet—Podatchky. I had not before thought your acquaintance worth a straw. On the contrary, now—I fully appreciate your talent for observation. Cultivate it—Podatchky! It will, some day, do much for you."

The face of the lad brightened as Dolgorouki said this. "But—remember! at present it requires cultivation for me, as well as for your future master. Do you understand me?"

"I think I do—my lord."

"You think you do?" reflectively continued the count. "It will be unfortunate should you not, as, in that case, I should feel myself compelled to inform the Boyard what a light is hidden in this bushel of brain."

While he uttered this, he tapped Podatchky merrily on the top of his forehead. The lad trembled in every nerve. He, however, forced himself to reply:

"My lord shall be satisfied."

"Then—you can go."

"But the young master—"

"Shall say nothing to your departure." Seeing the serf still hesitated, he quietly added—

"leave us, or I shall leave you, and awaken the Boyard."

In another moment, Podatchky had vanished round the corner of the stables.

Sapichy Dolgorouki returned to the spot on which he had left Paul Dimitry.

Not a movement, by the young man, had been made since he had uttered the name of his brother-in-law. Motionless and silent, he stood in the shadow. Feeling like a beaten hound, he held his peace. The only advantage he possessed over the animal, was, that his sense prevented his yelping with his fear.

"And now—Paul Dimitry, is it to be peace or war between us?"

"What is it, you mean?"

The son of the Boyard spoke quickly and abruptly. Had he measured his words more carefully, he felt that his dread must have betrayed itself.

"Simply this, *mon cher*." These words had worn a mocking character. Then, as if rapid reflection, combined with his knowledge of the young man's character, caused him momentarily to drop his daily mask, he continued, gravely—"you dislike me. That I know."

Paul attempted to deny this.

"Pshaw!" said the count. "You show it, and will show it daily, unless we understand each other. I despise you. So it is only a fair exchange."

"And you tell me, this?"

"It is necessary."

"I do not see it"—ejaculated young Dimitry, with considerable bitterness.

Sapichy proceeded, as if he had not heard him, in the same grave and serious manner:

"Ivan Dimitry is tough still. He will last long."

"Who knows?"

"Aye! who knows? Yet—he will." The contempt of this was so curtly expressed for Paul's implied threat, that the young man winced as he caught the scornful words.

"Were I as some—did I merely look to the next years, be they few or many, I should care little for your friendship. With your family, the Dolgoroukis are strong in Russia. With us, the Dimitrys may be so, if they choose. Abandon this girl, whom the Boyard will give the Frenchman a chance to gain." Paul Dimitry did not notice the singularity of the count's last expression.

"Should De Chateaupers take her with him, she will be lost to you."

"He shall never do so."

"How can you help it?"

The young man gnashed his teeth.

"Death may prevent him."

"You will never use cold steel as a gentleman might—*cher Paul*! As regards any other mode of employing it on a foreigner of his quality, you will think two or three times of Siberia, before doing so."

"What can I do—then?"

"Wait"—replied Sapichy, taking him by the arm, and leading him round the stables. "You will apologize to Catharine—endure Ivan Dimitry—submit to the loss of Flodorowna, and enjoy life as you best can, until, until you occupy the chair of your father."

"And, if I will not?"

"We can no longer count upon you in the future. You will have to account with the Boyard for what I have this night learnt."

Paul Dimitry said no more. But the count did not yet know the depths of that singularly pertinacious though cowardly disposition which formed the basis of his whole character.

He had seemed to yield all. Yet he had promised nothing.

CHAPTER XI.—FLUCK AND ENDURANCE—THE USE OF A GIFT—ONE CHANCE ONLY—HE WILL NOT ASK IT—SPEAKING TO ONE BEFORE AND ONE BEHIND THE SCENES—HEARD AND ANSWERED BY BOTH—THE PROMISE IS KEPT.

CATHARINE DOLGOROUKI had partially gained her point with the Boyard. After that frightful burst of blind rage from her father, the old man had, as he had so repeatedly done, given way.

With the stoicism of a red Indian at the stake—or scarcely so much as that, for she had per chance won what she played for—the Russian lady bore the bruises which marked her body, with a proudly uncomplaining silence. These were frightful. She could scarcely appear at the dinner-table, and sit upright without the most intense suffering. However, she compelled herself to do so. Her playful wit and unmalicious pleasantry had never been more captivating, and, but for the thoughts of Henri de Chateaupers being occupied with the difficulties of his own position with regard to the blue-eyed serf, it is more than probable that her dangerous glances might have reached some scarcely occupied corner of his heart.

Moreover, old Dimitry also was changed, although, in him, the variation was scarcely so perceptible as was his daughter's increased attractiveness.

His proud courtesy was far more gentle. It might be true that it was more entirely lavished upon his child, than upon either of his other guests. When she spoke, his ears were hers.

When she did not, one who watched him narrowly might have seen his eyes following each movement she made with a keen, and, to confess the truth, a penitent love.

Once, indeed, when she noticed this, and re-

turned him a tender glance, it might have appeared that he was annoyed.

Turning his head, for several minutes he confined his attention to the Frenchman and Sapichy Dolgorouki. Then, he again ceased to speak, and his sharp, black eyes once more followed her every movement.

At length, the dinner came to an end.

Contrary to his custom, old Dimitry rose when his daughter did.

"Sapichy, you will to-day take my place with our guest." In pronouncing "our," he looked at his daughter. "You have sufficient acquaintance with the contents of my cellar, to make you a capable representative."

After saying this, he crossed to the place where the Countess Dolgorouki was standing. Bending over her, he pressed his lips tenderly upon her forehead. She caught both his hard hands in her delicate ones, and drew them warmly to her bosom.

"You forgive me?"

"And you—remember?"

These words were unheard both by the husband and the guest. Sapichy's quick hearing, however, detected that something had been said.

Then, Ivan Dimitry was gone.

Monsieur de Chateaupers had risen from the table, when the countess had done so.

He moved toward the door of the dining-room, as Catharine staggered against it.

"What is the matter—Madame?" exclaimed Dolgorouki, as he sprang to his feet and rushed toward her.

"I only need fresh air"—murmured Catharine, playfully, to her husband.

She had apparently recovered herself.

"Allow me—"

Shaking her head merrily at Sapichy, she said:

"One can always command the service of a husband. An outside cavalier may sometimes be wanting." Then she turned to De Chateaupers—"Monsieur le comte! will you lend me your arm?"

With a look at his wife, Dolgorouki resented himself, and took up the bottle of champagne which an attendant had just placed upon the table. When he had filled his glass, and was lifting it to his lips, the countess and the young Frenchman were already upon the level walk in front of the windows of Berenzoff.

Sapichy emptied his glass without saying another word. He was content to wait.

De Chateaupers could not—eager as he was to learn what Catharine Dolgorouki had accomplished for him—well, avoid noticing the apparent languor and fatigue of her movements, as they passed along the exterior of the building. With her resolute will, she still managed to suppress every appearance which might tend to suggest suffering.

"You are oppressed—my dear madame?"

"As you, too, would be, *mon bon camarade*! had you fought such a hard and gallant fight as I have done."

"And I trust, have won."

"In part. You shall hear and judge."

Saying this, she came to a pause. They were underneath the square tower in which the Boyard's chamber was situated. As the French nobleman looked round at the narrow windows pierced in its walls, the lowest portions of which were considerably above their heads, he saw, that as they generally were at noon-time, they were now open.

"Had we not better return?"

"Why—*camarade*?"

He again glanced at the open windows.

"I wish what I say"—she replied, shrugging her shoulders with a bewitchingly coquettish movement, in spite of the pain which the action caused her—"the whole of it—should be heard by Ivan."

It would be impossible to describe the seductively affectionate manner with which Catharine Dolgorouki uttered her father's name. When Henri de Chateaupers heard what she said, it occurred to him, that she intended, by entrusting him with the truth—whatever it might be—within the range of the Boyard's hearing, to prevent all chance of the old man's subsequently retracting the promise he had given. When Ivan Dimitry listened to her—he, too, had heard all his daughter had spoken—he at once felt the reasons which had led her to select this precise spot, for placing her confidence in the French gentleman.

He believed that she wished him to know, no word would pass her lips, which he, himself, might have desired unsaid.

The old Russian was right. Monsieur de Chateaupers—well! he, too, may not have been altogether in the wrong.

"*Bon camarade*!" she continued, with her taper and gloved fingers still resting heavily upon his arm—"I told you that I had won—in part. It would be a needless thing to say to a man of the world—as you are and have, so frightfully long a time, been—that my dear Ivan is not generally led by such a weak little creature as his graceless daughter, even under the transmuting influences of powder, curling-tongs, rouge, and the thousand aids and appliances of a real Parisian toilet." It may be confessed that the count smiled, although he did not laugh. Oddly quaint as the ideas expressed might seem, they were too evidently underlaid by a stratum of curiously touching sincerity.

"At first, most positively, Ivan denied even the shadow of a hope to my request. He would not listen. Not even the ghost of a nailing from a living creature that belonged to him, would he sell. 'Ivan Dimitry is no trader in flesh.' This contained his only reason. You must own that it was a forcible and positive one"—she emphasized this with some degree of pride—"for declining to part with the child."

"In that case—how?"

"Men are all the same"—she cried, lifting her shoulders again with an insolently defiant air of coquettish malice, as if she would resolutely deny the anguish which the movement caused her. "They begin to rail at what they refuse to hear."

"Pardon me, my friend. I will listen."
 "As I told you, he refused, in any and every way, to sell Flodorowna. Next, I asked him to give you the girl. She would be a princely gift to the son of an old friend. At this, he laughed. 'What would be the use of his giving you a thing?'—the word was his own, *bon camarade*—'you could only keep in Russia, and here, only, as a Russian?'"

"Did you not tell him that it was my intention to free her?"

"You had not said so. Yet, I ventured to tell him that. Then he asked, 'What good would that do the girl?' I talked, pleaded, argued, entreated, prayed—nay, did everything but weep. Tears, you know, are not much in the way of a petticoated Dolgoronki, who was born to a Dimitry. At length, he relented. 'Tell the French boy'—he said, sharply—"that I will play for her."

"Play for her?"

De Chateaupers had been listening intently. But on echoing her last words, he did not at first thoroughly comprehend them.

"Gamble, or throw the dice, or some other of the manners in which men win fortunes or lose them?"

Realizing, at last, what she meant, he said, with an angry exclamation:

"Play for a living woman! Never! As there is *le bon Dieu* above him and me—I swear that—"

With a rapid action, she placed the gloved fingers of her right hand upon his lips. She checked the mad words he was about to utter.

"You will keep your oath?"

"I mean to."

"Therefore, you shall not swear."

"But this is too—"

When he said this, he suddenly paused. He reflected that his next words would insult the father of one who had given him so largely and freely her assistance. As he broke off, sharply, Catharine Dolgoronki again spoke.

"I tell you it is the only way—the only chance to save her from Paul."

The Frenchman wavered.

"Will you not seize on it—Henri de Chateaupers?" she cried fiercely. He yet hesitated.

"What are men?" she sharply uttered. "We may suffer and work for them without love. Even when they love, they deny us all."

"I may lose."

Low as his words were, they did not escape her.

"You will not—you cannot." His impatient action of denial, in answer to her, partially shook her confidence, but she continued speaking. "If you do, is her condition worse than it is now? No worse! No worse!"

Her frame, tried as its brain-springs and wheels had this day been, almost gave out. Loosing his arm, and reeling from him, she sank against the wall, as her tongue formed the last word, almost fainting.

"I will do, as you bid me."

"My one ewe-lamb!"

Both exclamations were heard by her. Yet the first was shapen between the young Frenchman's clinched teeth, while the last utterance was scarcely more than a vague whisper breathed above her, which—if the truth, has to be said—her ears had rather felt than listened to.

"You see that I have kept my promise."

Henri de Chateaupers may have imagined that her words were addressed to him. Bending reverently forward, he took her slender fingers between his own, and pressed his lips upon them. While the young Frenchman did so, the wistful look of Catharine Dolgoronki was lifted to those windows in Berenzoff, which were immediately above her.

THE BICENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE SOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, HARTFORD, CONN.

On Tuesday, the 22d of February, the members of the South Congregational Church, at Hartford, Connecticut, celebrated the two hundredth year of the organization of their religious body. The building, comparatively modern, was handsomely decorated, and the members of the church society and congregation vied with each other in making the day one long to be remembered by those who participated in the commemoration. The South Congregational Church, of Hartford, is among the oldest in America. Its story is briefly told in the *Hartford Times* of the 22d:

"The Second Church in Christ, known as the South Congregational Church, was formed in 1669-70. In 1633, the Rev. Thomas Hooker and Rev. Samuel Stone, in company with about two hundred emigrants, left England to seek for themselves the more quiet enjoyment of the rights of conscience on these shores. They arrived in Boston, September 4th, and soon after established themselves at Newtown (near Cambridge), Mass. On the 11th of the following October, a church was formed, Mr. Hooker being the established pastor, and Mr. Stone teacher. In June, 1636, the church and congregation, to the number of one hundred, removed to this place as a regular organized church and society, and constituted the first religious organization established in this State. Mr. Hooker died in 1647, and Mr. Stone in 1663. They were succeeded by the Revs. John Whitling and Joseph Haynes, who were ordained respectively in 1660 and 1664. During their ministry, some differences of opinion arose, and a regular and amicable division of the church was the result. The Rev. Mr. Whitling and thirty-one members withdrew, and formed the Second Church in Hartford, February 12th, 1669."

In two hundred years the congregation has been in the care of eleven regularly settled pastors, some of these holding the pulpit for nearly half a century. Rev. Thomas Buckingham, for example, held the pastorate forty, and Rev. Mr. Whitman for about forty-five, years. The services were largely attended by residents

of Hartford, and reminiscences of an interesting character related by the speakers touching the growth of the church. In the evening, a sociable was held in the lecture-room of the sacred edifice. A collation was spread, prepared in the olden style, with baked pork and beans in iron pots, doughnuts, krullers, sausages, and "sich things," all spread out on wooden trenchers and pewter platters. Hot coffee and tea were served from the kitchen, which had been erected adjoining the lecture-room. Some twenty of more young ladies, and some young men, dressed in costumes from sixty to one hundred years old, moved among the crowd, and attracted much attention. There was on the table a platter brought over by Theophilus Eaton in 1637, ancient china-ware over two centuries old, candlesticks, andirons, pots, crockery, inkstands, spinning-wheels, and various other things used in the days of our grandfathers and grandmothers. There was also an old Bible, with the date MDCLX—, the balance being torn off. This book has been in the possession of the family of Mrs. Julius Gilman for over two hundred years.

The engraving on page 429 of this issue of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER illustrates the congregation celebrating the bi-centenary of their church, on the afternoon of Tuesday, February 22d.

RECEPTION OF PALESTINE COMMANDERY OF KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.

On the evening of February 22, the Knights Templar of Palestine Commandery, F. A. M., gave a grand reception at Apollo Hall, this city. The reception was *recherche*. The presence of the Knights Templar, in full costume, including delegates from Commanderies in this and adjoining cities, made the re-union unusually brilliant. The ball was a Masonic event, and, of course, was largely attended, not only by the "brethren of the mystic tie," but by many fair ladies, who were, doubtless, Sisters of the Eastern Star—a degree recently introduced into Masonry, or, rather, appended to it, to please those "women's rights women," who can't see "why men entertain an idea so absurd as that a female can't keep a secret." At ten o'clock, the ball was fairly in motion. The feature of the evening was the reception of the Grand Commandery, with all the knightly courtesies and honors, and the subsequent parade under the direction of Sir Theodore H. Tilton, Captain-General of Palestine. At its close, the Grand Commander was pleased to express his entire satisfaction at the fine display made by the fraternity. At the close of the review, which our engraving illustrates, the members of the several Commanderies were dismissed to the dance, into which the majority entered with zest. Many distinguished members of the Masonic Order were present, and who, putting aside their dignities, entered, with unalloyed pleasure, into the amusements of the night.

The visiting Commanderies were received in the following order: Manhattan Commandery, No. 31, New York; Eminent Sir Robert Stevens, Commander, and forty-two Sir Knights; Morton Commandery, No. 4, New York; Eminent Sir Thomas C. Cassidy, Commander, and fifty-six Sir Knights; Damascus Commandery, No. 5, Newark, N. J.; Eminent Sir I. P. Beatty, Commander, and thirty-seven Sir Knights; Hugh De Paynes Commandery, No. 1, Jersey City; Right Eminent Sir Samuel Stevens, Commander, and sixty Sir Knights.

Among the more distinguished gentlemen of the knightly order present were the Grand Commander and Staff, the Right Eminent Sir H. Clay Preston, Grand Commander of the State of New York; Very Eminent Sir Charles Roome, Chief of Staff; Right Eminent Sir John A. Leferts, Past Grand Commander; Right Eminent Sir John W. Simons, Grand Treasurer of the Grand Encampment of the United States; Right Eminent Sir Thomas W. Chandler, Grand Commander of the State of Georgia, and Grand Warden of the Grand Encampment of the United States; Eminent Sir A. B. Mott, as Grand General of Council; Eminent Sir Robert Black, as Grand Captain General; Very Eminent Sir Robert Macoy, as Grand Recorder; Eminent Sir G. Fred. Wilsey, as Grand Senior Warden; Eminent Sir A. A. Valentine, as Grand Junior Warden. The following grand officers of New Jersey were also present: J. V. Mattison, D. G. Com.; Samuel Stevens, P. G. Com.; W. W. Snow, P. G. Com.; W. H. Melhany, G. S. Warden; Robert Dunsha, G. J. Warden. Also, Very Eminent Sir J. W. Storey, Grand Captain General of Connecticut.

THE WRECKS OF THE GREAT REBELLION IN THE HARBOR OF CHARLESTON.

The *Tribune*, some weeks since, referring to the operations of a company to which the Secretary of the Treasury gave a contract for raising the vessels lying in Charleston harbor, remarked: Among these are the Keokuk, Weehawken and Patapasco, iron-clads, and the Housatonic, store-ship, besides a large number of others of less importance. Store-ships, blockade-runners, torpedo-boats, vessels of every known variety, fitted for war or peace, are found by the divers, strewn over the bottom of this harbor; probably there is not at present another place in the world where so many submerged wrecks are collected within so small a space. The harbor is formed by the junction of the Ashley and Cooper rivers, which here combine to empty their waters into the ocean. Across the entrance, seven miles below the city, a sand bar stretches from Sullivan's to Morris Island. On this bar the Government stone fleet of sixteen vessels was sunk in 1861, with the intention of rendering the entrance impassable, but as the river current

soon hollowed out a channel on the other side as good as the first, it did not materially impede navigation. This bar renders the harbor inaccessible to large vessels, except at high tide, and dangerous at all times; but the explanation of the wrecks "which all around with fragments strew the sea," is not to be found in this, but in those gigantic conflicts of which these quiet waters were not long ago the scene.

The Keokuk, the first iron ship ever sunk in battle, was a double-turreted iron-clad, built by Mr. Whitney, of this city. On the morning of the 7th of August, 1863, she brought up the rear of that tremendous armada of nine vessels which steamed up Charleston harbor to attack the rebel stronghold. The ill-fated Weehawken, on whose stout ribs the worms now feed near by, leading the attack. The odds were terrific—a fleet, mounting thirty-two guns, against forts mounting three hundred. The attack continued through the day. The Keokuk bore the brunt of the fight, advancing within a few hundred feet of Fort Sumter, and receiving no less than ninety of the heaviest shot. Her hull, at water-mark, showed nineteen shot-holes. She was kept up through the night only by plugging and continual pumping, and went down next morning, with colors still flying, abreast of Morris Island, where she now lies. The Patapasco—monitor—was sunk by a torpedo, which tore an immense hole in her bottom, and the Housatonic—store-ship—met the same fate!

The loss of the Weehawken will be remembered by many from the sad tragedy attending it, four engineers and twenty-six seamen having been carried down in her. She sunk at her anchorage on the 6th of December, 1863. It was asserted at the time that the forward hatch was open, and the continuous stream poured in by the high waves washing over the bow deck weighed her head down before the crew, who were aft, knew anything of it, so that she sank before they could escape. This seems the best explanation, though it has been declared improbable, and even impossible, by the surviving officers. It was an inglorious end, reminding one of the wreck of the Royal George, of which Cowper wrote:

"It was not in the battle; no tempest gave the shock,
 She sprang not fatal leak; she ran upon no rock.
 His sword was in his sheath, and his fingers held
 the pen,
 When Heppenfelt went down with twice four hundred men."

But, unfortunately, it is no use to say in the case of these vessels as he said of that one:

"Weigh the vessel up, once dreading by our foes,
 And mingle with the cup the tear that England
 sows.
 Her timbers yet are sound, and she may float again,
 Full charged with England's thunders, and plow
 the distant main."

SCIENTIFIC NOTES AND GOSSIP.

Among the fine pebbles of stream-tin from Durango, in Mexico, the mineralogist finds the most beautiful little crystals of limpid topaz. With these, there have lately been detected certain oblique crystals of an orange-colored mineral, to which has been given the name of *Durangite*.

The mining yield of California for 1869 shows no important change from that of 1868, except a slight decline in placer productions, the precise amount of which is not ascertainable, and a slight increase in the yield of the quartz mines. The treasure exports were \$37,287,117; and the receipts were \$51,226,769, including about \$12,000,000 from Nevada, \$4,132,055 imports and \$3,042,540 brought by coast steamers, mostly from Oregon and Idaho. This leaves about \$32,000,000 as the product of the State of California, and about \$47,005,000 produced in all the Pacific States and Territories. One of the chief events of the year has been the resumption of profitable work on the Mariposa estate, which had not produced enough to pay expenses for the last five years.

The hardest steam-boiler incrustations are formed when the quantity of carbonate of lime amounts to from 20 to 25 per cent. of the entire mass; but some kinds of clay, when suspended in the water contained in steam-boilers, prevent the particles of carbonate and sulphate of lime dissolved in the water, even if the latter is very hard, from clinging together and becoming fixed to the sides of the boilers, forming there a hard incrustation. A series of experiments, made on purpose, and continued for a sufficient length of time to yield a reliable result, has fully proved that the addition to the feed-water of the steam-boilers of fatty clay, especially that known as fuller's earth, entirely prevents boiler incrustations, even where, of necessity, very hard water has to be used as feed-water. A loose, soft mud is deposited as soon as the motion of the water due to the boiling ceases on cooling. This mud readily runs off on opening the valve of the boiler.

We have all heard of the inquiring child who wanted to know "where the old moons go," and whether they were chopped up into stars. This childish notion nearly resembles a theory put forth by an assiduous student of meteoric phenomena, M. Stanislas Meunier, in answer to the question, Whence come aerolites? The masses of iron and stone that are continually falling upon us from the skies, he says, are scraps of an exploded satellite, fragments of a shattered moon, perhaps of several little moons, that once revolved round the earth, or, possibly, round our existing moon, and that was, or were, split up by some such internal force as that which has assured and furrowed the lunar crust as we now behold it. Right or wrong about their origin, M. Meunier's researches on meteorites reveal some curious points. He tells us that they are never found but in the earth's superficial strata; this argues their comparatively modern arrival in our system, or the recent breaking up of the mass of which they are the *disjecta membra*, if the above theory be correct. Secondly, the meteorites which fall now are not of the same mineralogical nature as those which fell in past ages. Old visitors were of iron, new ones are stony. Thirdly, it is presumable that an entirely new class is beginning to appear, for several carbonaceous masses of meteoric matter have fallen since the year 1803, before which date no such things were known. M. Meunier makes a theory to fit these facts; but it requires keeping to ascertain its soundness. He goes so far as to anticipate the arrival of meteorites analogous to our crystallized formations, and even to our stratified beds. Organisms ought to follow.

NEWS BRIEVITIES.

CANADA has fifty-seven snow-shoe clubs.

PINEAPPLE fritters are a Florida delicacy.

BRAZILIAN troops draw rations of dog meat.

CHRISTMAS has been made a legal holiday in Ohio.

SPIRITUALISM is called "Spiritism" in Australia.

MACON, GA., has an ox that weighs 4,545 pounds.

OLLIVIER favors the abolition of capital punishment.

PHILADELPHIA has executed but twenty-five criminals since 1789.

CINCINNATI proposes to make itself a city of forty-two square miles.

LONDON has its first street railway. The carriages are drawn by horses.

MAINE has spent \$21,000,000 for its six hundred and seventy-two miles of railroad.

MR. BURLINGAME, the Boston "Post" says, leaves a memory to be crowned only with myrtle.

MILWAUKEE is to have an Irish daily and weekly paper. The company has been chartered.

THE Chinese in San Francisco held a jubilee on January 20, the first day of the Chinese new year.

TWO HUNDRED of the gentlemen at a late Tulleries court ball are said to have worn hired court suits.

A GOTTINGEN professor has discovered some very minute diamonds in a specimen of Oregon platinum.

A LADY physician of Lafayette, Ind., is honest enough to return her professional income at \$2,600.

BOSTON shipowners are signing a petition asking Congress to abolish the laws allowing extra pay to seamen.

THE number of skilled workmen out of employment in England is said to be between seventy and eighty thousand.

A LOYAL undertaker of Calcutta hoisted a huge "Welcome" over his shop-door in honor of Prince Alfred's coming.

THE English soldier in India is to be allowed to wear a beard, but it must be cut periodically—that is, trimmed to a fair point.

THE Rev. Mrs. Phoebe A. Hannaford has received and accepted a call to the pastorate of a Universalist church in New Haven.

THE Paris papers tell how an English lady was shown out of the Prefect's ball because she brought her pet terrier in her handkerchief.

THE Board of Immigration of Honolulu have sent an agent to China to promote the immigration of the Chinese to the Sandwich Islands.

THE cost of telegraphic dispatches in Australia has been reduced to one shilling for twelve words, and one penny for every additional word.

THE Rhode Island Democratic State Convention is to be held in Providence, on Thursday, March 17, to nominate candidates for State officers.

EASTERN Florida congratulates itself upon its vigor, life and spirit, indicated by its rapid growth, by its large immigration, and by the rapid increase in the value of real estate.

THERE were several severe shocks of earthquake recently on the island of Hawaii. The summit of the volcano Mauna Loa is shrouded in smoke, indicating that the fires in the crater are again active.

THE bill indorsing the first mortgage bonds of the Mobile and Montgomery Railroad, to the amount of \$2,500,000, has passed both houses of the Alabama Legislature by the constitutional majority.

JOHN NEAL says that out of 544 cases brought before the Superior Court of Maine, in six terms, only ninety-nine went to a jury. That is, the people preferred the decision of a judge in 405 cases.

THE Board of Supervisors for the County of Milwaukee, Wis., have tendered the new Courthouse, to cost nearly \$1,000,000, to the State for a Capitol, provided the Capital is moved to Milwaukee.

On the 22d of February, outrages were committed on Chinamen in San Francisco, which threatened to produce a riot; but a heavy rain and a strong force of police combined, dispersed the gathering crowds.

THE Yale Navy have voted not to accept the proposition of Harvard to open the annual races to the whole university; therefore, only the academic department can be represented in the crews next summer.

NAVAL honors were paid by the vessels of our squadron at Hong Kong, and by the foreign vessels present at the time, to the memory of the late Mr. Stanton, Franklin Pierce, and Rear-Admiral Stewart.

EDWARD AND DANIEL AGNEW have been arrested in Reading, Penn., for bigamy. They have families in Philadelphia, but represented themselves in Reading as single men, and were recently married in that city.

At a meeting of the presidents of three of the freight lines leading from Louisville, the tariff was reduced from sixty to fifty cents on all fourth-class fast freight. They also adopted a resolution to adhere to these rates.

THE Auburn "Advertiser" learns that the Auburn Theological Seminary is soon to have a library building, suited, in all respects, to its needs. The corner-stone of the Seminary was laid just fifty years ago next May.

REAR-ADMIRAL ROWAN, in command of the Asiatic Squadron, informs the Navy Department that all is quiet on that station, with the exception of occasional piracies and the "murder of a missionary now and then" by the Chinese.

THE Sacramento "Union" states that a set of railway speculators are proposing to the California Legislature to pass a law to enable them to fasten a bonded debt of \$1,000,000 on the County of San Bernardino, when the whole taxable property of San Bernardino is \$500,000.

THE workingwomen of Boston, by a unanimous vote, have passed the subjoined resolution: "That we will not become parties to any attempted encroachments on the legitimate sphere of man's duties, and therefore we respectfully, but firmly, remonstrate against legislation in favor of suffrage for women."

COL. BERNARD, with detachments of the First and Eighth U. S. Cavalry, had a series of running fights with the Indians in the Dragon Mountain, in Arizona, on the 28th of January. Thirteen Indians were killed, and two were taken prisoners. The Indian camp and a large amount of material were destroyed.



ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—THE HANGING ROCK AT ECHO CANYON, ON THE LINE OF THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. J. RUSSELL.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.
OVERLAND SCENES.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX.

ALONG the whole line of the Pacific Railway there is no single ride of a few hours more interesting than that through Echo Cañon. The mountains rise abruptly on both sides of the way, and here and there the eye is arrested by sharp peaks, that shoot up like monuments, and having their sides almost, if not quite, perpendicular. Monument Rock, and other scenes in the valley, have been illustrated in this paper, and the fidelity of the sketches has been attested by many travelers, who have familiarized themselves with the scenery of our overland route. Photographers have been busy, and already the stereoscopic views on the great overland route of America are for sale in the principal European cities. Everywhere they are exciting wonder and admiration; and the prospect is that with the present year there will be many foreign visitors among us to study our natural scenery, just as we go to Europe to look at the triumphs of art. It is fortunate for us that we have the unflattering photograph to assist us. Many foreigners who have looked at photographs of the giant trees of California—where men, on horseback, are riding through the prostrate trunks, and cotillion parties are dancing upon a stump—have said, that if the pictures were anything but photographs, they could not believe them accurate. The most interesting panorama ever known, so far as majestic scenery is concerned, could be painted among the mountains and valleys of the Rocky Mountains, the Black Hills, and the Sierra Nevadas.

All Switzerland cannot surpass the Yosemite Valley in grandeur and sublimity, and every year the travel toward it is increasing. A railway has been commenced from Stockton toward the Yosemite, and a portion of it has been graded and made ready for the rails. The route has been examined and partially surveyed, and an eminent engineer officer, who took part in the examination, says there will be no serious difficulty in reaching the edge of the valley with the locomotive. Congress has ceded the valley to the State of California, to be kept forever as a pleasure resort, and it is to be hoped that the present quarrels about the rights of settlers there will

be adjusted, so that no one can box up the scenery, and keep it as a source of profit, in the way that Niagara and other places are kept.

One great object of interest in Echo Cañon is the Hanging Rock—an immense mass of conglomerate, which is apparently poised in such a way that it may fall at any moment. Nervous persons refuse to pass beneath it, lest it may drop upon them, but those who are less timorous find it a comfortable resting-place in a hot day or a heavy rain. Worse shelters than this rock might be found for a night's lodging. The writer of this article well remembers sleeping beneath an enormous rock greatly resembling this, while making the fatiguing ascent of Pike's Peak, several years ago. Our little party of two had been toiling all day up the rough and untrodden way from Colorado City, and when night overtook us, we found the solid earth and stone very comfortable to rest upon. The roof above us weighed many hundreds of tons, and had it fallen during the night, it would have seriously confused our individuality. But fall it did not, and probably it stands to-day as secure as then.

No engineer has made a careful measurement of these wonderful rocks in Echo Cañon; their height and size are only known by guess-work, or by rough calculations. Some of the perpen-

dicular shafts are several hundred feet in height, and one of them is estimated at nearly a thousand. Hanging Rock has a shape that defies the calculations of ordinary mathematicians; and when one regards it, he forgets the commonplace matters of feet and yards, in the impressions of grandeur and its kindred sentiments.

From the Missouri River all the way to the Sierra Nevadas, there is but a scanty supply of timber. There are places where one may travel two or three hundred miles without finding wood enough to construct a hog-yard. There is only a faint fringe of bushes in the valleys, none of them growing to any respectable size. Many of the overland stations, before the construction of the railway, were built of lumber hauled hundreds of miles, and others were made of turf or adobe. The adobe, or sun-dried brick, is in frequent use on the Plains and in the Salt Lake Basin. The bricks are large, and not very elegantly formed, and none of the houses constructed of them have any suggestion of elegance. Many of the Mormon settlers, both at Salt Lake City and in the rural districts, reside in adobe houses, and the illustration presented herewith gives a view of one of these dwellings, on the road to the Mecca of Mormonism.

THE LATE ANSON BURLINGAME.

On page 437 is given a very striking portrait, from a photograph, of the late Anson Burlingame, who was appointed, in November, 1867, by the Emperor of China, his Special Ambassador to the Western nations, to adjust, by treaty or otherwise, the difficulties which were constantly arising between his people and those of the people of the West. That Mr. Burlingame had succeeded in his novel, difficult and delicate task, is attested by the direct approval of Prince Kung, Imperial Minister of China, and by the warmth of the nations, in behalf of the ancient and populous Empire of the East, he had visited, and with whose governments he had entered into cordial diplomatic relations. When Mr. Burlingame left this city for Europe, with his retinue of Chinese officials, he was in the enjoyment of robust health.

A man of large build and imposing appearance, with eyes open, intelligent and sparkling with vitality, he bade fair to live to a green old age—the citizen, by adoption and by birth, of the oldest and of the youngest civilizations known to man.

His friends everywhere exulted in his prosperity, in his peaceful triumphs in the field of diplomacy, in the enduring monument he was raising on a sure foundation to his own memory as a statesman; and, behold, as he was about to crown the column, he was called to a higher life! The telegram, sent from St. Petersburg by the United States Minister to the government of the Czar, and published in the papers of February 23, struck those who read it, so sudden was the announcement, with a sense of awe, rather than of sorrow.

No one in all the world, not even those who stood by his couch, dreamed that Death was near this prince of the commoners—that the grim angel had laid his icy fingers on his ample brow. The telegram simply said:

"Mr. Anson Burlingame, Commissioner of his Majesty the Emperor of China, died in this city to-day, of congestion of the lungs. The event is generally regretted. The deepest sympathy is felt and expressed both for his relatives and the American people. His Imperial Majesty the Emperor Alexander, with the Empress, have forwarded autograph letters of condolence to Mrs. Burlingame, his widow."



ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—SCENE ON THE ROAD TO SALT LAKE CITY.—A MORMON ADOBE DWELLING.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE MASKED BALL OF THE LIEDERKRANZ AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

That was all Minister Curtin deemed it necessary to dispatch. It was sufficient. It told in simple and direct language all that words could convey—told that a really able man had been removed from a field of usefulness, the most eminent among statesmen might covet to enter—from an honor which has never before been conferred by the jealously conservative people of Eastern Asia on one of the Caucasian race.

Anson Burlingame's career may be briefly told. He was born in New Berlin, Chenango county, New York, November 14, 1822. His youth was spent on the Western frontiers. At one time he was acting with surveying parties, and at another he was participating in the making of Indian treaties, far beyond the confines of civilization. He laid the foundation of his education at the Branch University of Michigan, but removing to Massachusetts, he entered Harvard University, where he received a degree in 1846. He studied law and practised in Boston. In 1852 he was elected to the Massachusetts State Senate, and in 1853 was a member of the Convention for revising the Constitution of Massachusetts. He was elected a representative in the Thirty-fourth Congress, and was re-elected to the Thirty-fifth, serving as a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs. He was also elected to the Thirty-sixth Congress, and served on the same committee. In 1861 he was appointed, by President Lincoln, Minister to Austria, and subsequently, to China. While United States Minister to China, the honorable position which he held at the time of his death, was conferred upon him. On November 1867, an Imperial decree was issued by the 21, Emperor of China, announcing that the Chinese Government had selected Mr. Burlingame as its Special Ambassador to the Treaty Powers, and also announced that that gentleman had accepted the dignity. Mr. Burlingame was one of the few representatives of the United States abroad who so far succeeded in gaining the confidence of the government and people to whom he was accredited, as to be entrusted with the responsibility of being their representative in turn in his own country. We believe the sole other instance is that of our fellow-citizen, Mr. E. G. Squier, who, after filling the position of Minister from the United States to Costa Rica, Nicaragua, San Salvador, Guatemala and Honduras, has been designated to occupy a corresponding position here from the latter, if not all of these republics.

NEW ORLEANS now manufactures its own ice by steam, and recently the Louisiana Ice Company, in that city, received an order from Philadelphia for fifty tons of ice.



THE LATE ANSON BURLINGAME, ENVOL EXTRAORDINARY AND MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY OF THE EMPEROR OF CHINA TO NORTHERN POWERS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

THE MASKED BALL OF THE LIEDERKRANZ.

ON Thursday evening, 24th ult., the Liederkranz gave their annual masked ball at the Academy of Music. If a crowded assemblage of bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked women, and well-dressed, and well-mannered men—all inspired by the strains of a powerful cotillion and promenade band, and bent on harmless mirth under the inspiring glances of Prince Carnival—constitute a re-union worthy of record, certainly this one may be accepted as not the least of the "brilliant affairs of the season." The feature of the ball was the travesty of the formal dedication to commerce of the Suez canal. The Arlons had seized on the Ecumenical Council as the subject best suited for a burlesque; and the Liederkranz found, in the grand event which has made Egypt once again the highway of the nations of the Occident and of the Orient, a subject for a brilliant picture. Our engraving illustrates that particular event in the festivities of the night where the assumed priests of Christianity, Mahometanism, Mormonism, Buddhism, *et sic de similibus*, standing on the platform near the prince, are bowing, grimacing, and waving their hands in the pretense of blessing the work. On the right of the picture are the infidels of the West, "the Christian dogs," among them the Kaiser, and other potentates and princes. The Empress Eugenie takes a very prominent position in the assemblage. In the centre we have the Sultan, and on the right the Khedive. In the foreground, Bedouins of the desert, the peasants of the Nile, etc., etc. This magnificent scene closed with an Oriental dance by a number of "odalisques of the harem," *en costume*, who sprang into the hall, and, while an hundred instruments filled the vast building with voluptuous strains, the short-skirted beauties threw themselves into such graceful attitudes and complex figures as only professional artists can imagine. It is impossible to describe, with pen or pencil, all the fun of the night at the ball of the Liederkranz. We give only its most striking feature, which was happily conceived and artistically executed. Like every other re-union of any moment, at the Academy, the participants danced through the programme of the evening, and, had not daylight "intervened," would, doubtless, like Oliver in "Do-the-Boys Hall," have called for more.

This ball may be said to close the grand masked assemblages of the season. The Parim ball has been a prominent event among our fellow citizens of the Jewish faith, but we have

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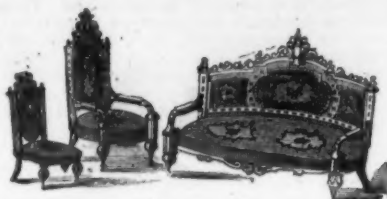
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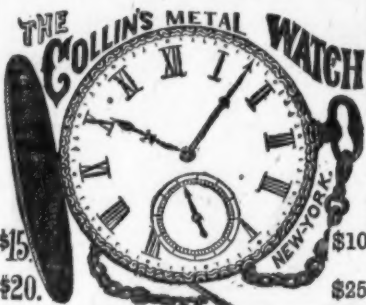
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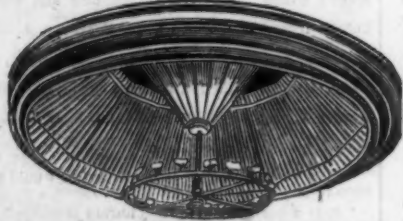
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